

No 194.

5 cents.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

TIPPED OFF BY TELEGRAPH; OR, SHAKING UP THE WALL STREET "BEARS."

By A SELF MADE MAN.



"Now, young man, we'll see whether you'll do as I say or not," gritted Burdick, drawing a revolver. As he spoke the policeman, concealed behind the screen, sprang out. "You're under arrest," he said. Burdick gasped and dropped his weapon.

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Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1909, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 194.

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1909.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

TIPPED OFF BY TELEGRAPH

OR,

SHAKING UP THE WALL STREET "BEARS"

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH OUR HERO CHASES A THIEF.

"Well, talk about nerve, if that doesn't beat the deck!" gasped Fred Greene, a well-dressed, alert-looking boy of perhaps eighteen years.

He was crossing West Street toward the Pennsylvania R. R. ferry-house, and a stream of people from Jersey City, just landed from a boat, was coming toward him, aiming for the foot of Cortlandt Street, when he saw a rough-looking man suddenly dash into a handsomely attired lady in the bunch, snatch her hand bag away from her, and make off up the wide thoroughfare through the maze of trucks and wagons.

Forgetting the important errand on which he was bound, Fred, indignant at the outrage, darted after the thief.

"I'll bet he'll give up that bag if I get my hands on him," breathed the boy with a determined look in his eyes. "And I'll hand him over to a cop, too, if one is in sight."

Fred was an expert at dodging pedestrians and vehicles as well, for he was an unusually active Wall Street messenger, and being blessed with a sharp pair of eyes he had no great difficulty in keeping the flying rascal in sight.

The man looked behind two or three times, but did not notice the boy in pursuit.

After going a block and a half in the middle of the street he came to the conclusion that he was safe from capture, and started for the sidewalk at reduced speed.

Fred closed the space between them and decided not

to tackle him at once, on the possibility that a policeman might turn up and simplify matters for him.

The man at length turned up Dey Street.

Suddenly he turned in at the side doorway of one of the buildings, the upper floors of which were used as tenements.

It was the only building in the block thus occupied, all the others being cut up into small shops and offices.

Fred felt that matters had gone far enough, as there was a good chance of the rascal getting away with his plunder.

There wasn't a policeman in sight, so everything depended on him.

"It's bound to be a scrap," he muttered, "but I don't care. I'm not going to back out at this stage of the game. I guess I can handle him. At any rate, it will give me a chance to show that Professor Strong's instructions in the art of self-defense were not wasted on me."

So he followed the thief up the stairs.

As soon as the fellow heard footsteps behind him he turned and looked back.

Seeing only a boy he did not seem to be disturbed, but continued to ascend the stairs in a leisurely way.

On reaching the landing of the third floor he turned toward one of the doors.

Fred reached forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I'll trouble you for that bag," he said in a decided tone.

"What's that?" asked the man, turning and facing him in a surly way.

"I'll take that bag which you stole from a lady near the ferry," said Fred.

"What's the matter with you? This is my bag. How dare you say I stole it?"

"Because I saw you take it from her. Hand it over, or you'll find yourself in trouble."

"Get downstairs, you little liar, or I'll kick you down," cried the man in great anger.

"You won't kick me down. That's a trick that might work two ways. Give up the bag." And Fred reached for it.

The thief swung his right fist at Fred.

The boy, who was expecting something of this kind, dodged the blow and jabbed the man in the stomach.

The fellow staggered against the door with a grunt, and Fred took advantage of the chance to snatch the bag from him.

With an imprecation the rascal rushed at him.

Fred dropped the bag behind him, warded off the swinging fists of the crook, and, making a feint at his stomach, smashed him a heavy blow on the jaw which sent him reeling backward like a punching-bag.

At that moment the door opened and a man with a closely-cropped beard appeared.

"What's the rumpus about, Cardiff?" he said.

"Grab that boy before he can get away."

The newcomer jumped forward and nailed Fred just as he started to go downstairs.

"Hold on, my fine chap. Don't be in such a rush."

He yanked the boy back and held him with an iron grip that Fred found impossible to shake off.

The thief sprang forward, gave Fred a backhand blow in the face, and then pulled the bag out of his fingers.

"You're a brave man, I don't think, to hit a fellow when he can't defend himself," said Fred, disgusted because things seemed to be going against him when he had confidently expected to get away with the lady's bag.

"Shut up, or I'll give you another," replied the crook. "What business had you to follow me here and butt in?"

"What business had you to steal the lady's bag?" retorted Fred.

"Didn't I tell you that this is my bag?"

"I know you did, but it isn't, just the same."

"What do you want done with him, Cardiff?" asked the man who held Fred.

"Yank him inside. I'll teach him a lesson by and by to keep his nose out of other people's business," replied the thief.

The young messenger objected to being carried into the room, and put up a fight against it, but the men were too much for him and he had to submit.

"You hold him till I find something to tie his arms with," said Cardiff after they had got the boy in the living-room.

In a few minutes Fred's arms were tied behind him, and he was thrust into a closet in a corner of the room.

He was able to see into the room through the keyhole, and he took advantage of the fact to see what the two men were about.

They pulled chairs up to a small deal table, and Cardiff opened the bag.

He took out a handkerchief and then a pocketbook.

Opening the wallet he found quite a wad of bills in it.

"That's somethin' like," he said in a tone of satisfac-

tion, and then he counted the money. "Two hundred and ten dollars," he remarked.

"That's a good haul," said the other. "What's that paper?"

Cardiff opened it.

"A check for \$500, payable to the order of Clara D. Stokes," he replied.

"That's no good to us."

"Oh, I don't know. My wife could indorse it with the woman's name and you might be able to raise the money on it."

"I'm afraid it's too risky."

"You might try, at any rate. You could represent yourself as Peter Cooper, or somebody else. It's worth taking a chance on."

"What else is in the wallet?"

Cardiff looked.

"Here's a diamond ring. Looks like a valuable one."

"That's better. We can raise the coin on that easily enough."

"That's all. There's nothing else in the bag worth shucks. We'll divide the money, you take the check after my wife has put 'Clara D. Stokes' on the back of it, and I'll see what I can get on the ring."

At that moment there came a rap on the door.

Cardiff, who was in the act of dividing the money, threw everything back into the bag and hastily thrust it into the oven of the small stove.

Then his companion opened the door.

An American Express man stood there.

"Does Owen Burdick live here?" he asked.

"That's my name," replied the man who had been chiefly instrumental in Fred's capture.

"I've got a box on the wagon for you. Come down and get it."

"Can't you fetch it up?"

"No. It will take both of you to carry it up. I shall deliver it on the sidewalk."

"It's from Yonkers, isn't it?" said Burdick.

"Yes," answered the expressman.

"All right; we'll go and get it," said Burdick. "The closet is locked, isn't it?" he whispered to his companion.

"Yes. He's safe enough," answered Cardiff.

They followed the expressman downstairs.

Fred, who had followed the situation through the keyhole, thought he saw his chance to try and get out of the closet.

His hands had been poorly tied, and he had already worked them free.

The lock as well as the door seemed to be a flimsy affair.

As soon as he thought the men were on the sidewalk he put his back against the wall of the closet and his feet against the door under the lock. Then exerting all the pressure he could bring, the door creaked and cracked in a way that showed it couldn't hold out long.

Making another effort, the whole thing gave way with a crash.

Fred sprang to his feet, made a dash for the stove, took possession of the bag, and glided out of the door as quick as a wink.

Looking down the stairs, which ran in successive flights

to the street, he saw no sign of the two rascals, so he ventured down to the next landing.

This was as far as he dared go till the men came up with the box and passed him, so he retired to the rear of the landing and waited for them.

Presently they began to ascend the first flight, with the box between them.

It was quite heavy, judging from the stamping noise their feet made as they came up slowly, step by step.

They stopped to rest on the landing for about a minute, and then went on up the next flight to the door of the room.

As soon as they were near the top Fred slipped over to the stairs and ran down to the street, where it was nearly dark by this time.

"No use of me going back to the ferry now. Mrs. Davis has come over by herself and gone home long before this. I'll get a calling down in the morning, but I guess I've got a pretty good excuse to offer the boss, so I'll go home with the bag. To-morrow I'll bring it down and show it to Mr. Davis, and ask him how he thinks I'll be able to return it to the owner, who seems to be a Mrs. Clara D. Stokes."

Accordingly, Fred hurried to the Barclay Street station and boarded an uptown Ninth Avenue express.

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN WHO CLAIMED THE STOLEN BAG.

Fred Greene lived in 130th Street, on the West Side, with an uncle and aunt.

He had worked in Wall Street for about four years—first for the A. D. T. Co. and then for George Davis, a stock broker, who found him a very efficient messenger.

Fred was ambitious to become a broker on his own hook.

He was young to think of climbing so high, but the boy had high ideals, and had been studying the market and Wall Street methods ever since he started in with Broker Davis.

He had done some little speculating on the side, just to get his hand in, as he called it, and, being quite successful, had accumulated about \$2,200.

All the brokers with whom he came in contact liked him on account of his polite manners and obliging disposition.

He was very even-tempered, and took the little rebuffs, that came to him once in a while, pleasantly, as though he considered them as a matter of course.

On the afternoon our story opens Mr. Davis had sent him to the Jersey City depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad to meet his wife, whom he expected from the West by the St. Louis express, via Pittsburg, and assist her with her grip and bundles, and see that she got a cab at the Cortlandt Street ferry.

This program Fred would have carried out in his customary prompt way only for the incident on West Street that had attracted his notice.

He wasn't sure, as he rode home, that Mr. Davis would approve of his chasing the thief who had robbed the lady by the name of Stokes, even though he had succeeded in recovering the bag.

It was probable he would consider that his messenger's

first duty was to look after his wife, and let a stranger look after her own affair.

Fred, however, had acted on the spur of the moment, and now that the incident was over he didn't feel that any great blame could be attached to him.

"You're late to-night, Fred," said his aunt when he entered the house and found that supper was over and he would have to eat by himself.

"Yes. The boss sent me to Jersey City to meet his wife, who was due at 5:30 on the St. Louis express."

"Of course, that explains your lateness in getting home," replied his aunt as she brought his supper to the table.

"No, it doesn't. I didn't meet Mrs. Davis, as I was expected to do, owing to an incident that happened on West Street at the foot of Cortlandt."

Then he told his aunt about the barefaced robbery of the lady named Stokes, how he had followed the thief and, after a rather strenuous experience, got possession of the stolen bag.

His aunt was greatly surprised at his narrative.

"It contains \$210 in money, a valuable diamond ring, and a check made out to Clara D. Stokes, who I suppose is the lady who was robbed," said Fred.

Fred opened the bag and showed the money, ring and check to his aunt.

He then replaced them in the pocketbook, and returned the wallet to the bag, after failing to find the owner's address.

Her name, C. D. Stokes, however, was stamped in gilt letters on the side of the pocketbook.

"How are you going to restore the bag to the lady, Fred?" asked his aunt. "You don't know her address."

"I think the best way would be to report the incident to the papers and have them print the fact that the owner can get her property by calling at Mr. Davis's office."

"That would be a good idea. It wouldn't cost you anything."

"I think so, for the lady herself, or some of her friends, would be likely to see the story in the papers."

"You'd have to be careful who you gave the bag to," said his uncle, "for some unscrupulous woman might call on you and claim to be the owner of it."

"Whoever makes application will have to give a pretty exact description of its contents or they won't get it. I won't tell the papers what the wallet contained, so that an outsider would have to be a good guesser to come anywhere near the mark."

After supper Fred went to the branch offices of three dailies on 125th Street and had the incident 'phoned downtown for publication. Then, satisfied that he had done all that could be expected of him, he went home.

Next morning when Broker Davis got to the office he called Fred into his private room.

"How is it that you failed to meet Mrs. Davis at the Jersey City station yesterday afternoon?" he asked in a tone of displeasure.

Fred explained the reason.

"Well, I accept your explanation, of course, but I think you went out of your way in following up the thief. According to your own account you narrowly missed getting into serious trouble with the rascal and his companion," replied the broker.

"Well, sir, if the experience had happened to Mrs. Davis, and another messenger boy had acted as I did, I think you would feel greatly obliged to him."

"Yes, I think I would. Mrs. Davis was much put out because no one was at the station to meet her. I told her I sent you over, and could not understand why you had failed to meet her, as you had started in ample time from the office. I will explain matters to her to-night, and I have no doubt she will be satisfied. That is all. Oh, one moment. Have you returned the lady her bag?"

"No, sir. I don't know her address. But I had the incident printed in three of the morning papers, with the statement that the bag could be reclaimed at this office."

"Then you brought it down with you?"

"Yes, sir. I'll show it to you."

Fred brought it in and the broker looked the contents over.

"That would have been quite a prize to the rascals," he said. "I dare say they have no very charitable feelings toward you for your success in finally euchring them."

"I'll bet they haven't," laughed the young messenger.

He left the bag in the cashier's keeping, with directions on no account to deliver it to any applicant.

"If the lady calls when I am out tell her to wait until I come back."

The cashier nodded, and shortly afterward Fred was sent to deliver a note to a broker in the Vanderpool Building on Exchange Place.

While waiting to see the broker he overheard a couple of traders speaking about a combine of capitalists that had been formed to corner and boom a certain stock, the name of which they did not mention.

"Jenkins is going to do the buying at the board room in a day or two," remarked one of them. "We must get in on the ground floor right away, and then we'll gather the cream of the deal."

The other nodded, and then the broker came to his door and called them into his room.

Fred took advantage of the chance to deliver his note, and as there was no answer he was soon on his way back.

"That's a good tip if I could find out the name of the stock that is going to be boomed," thought the young messenger, who knew Broker Jenkins by sight as one of the prominent traders of the Street. "I must watch Mr. Jenkins when I go to the Exchange and try and find out what stock he is buying. That's the surest and only way I know of to learn what I want to know."

When he got back to the office he found a woman waiting to see him.

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" asked Fred, suspecting that she came about the bag, but feeling confident that she was not the right person, for he remembered the face of the lady who was robbed.

"I read in the paper that you got my bag back from the thief who took it from me at the ferry yesterday afternoon. I called to get it, and if I find everything right I'll reward you."

"Your name is Clara D. Stokes, then?" said Fred politely.

"That's my name."

"It seems to me that you do not much resemble the lady from whom the bag was taken."

"I guess you didn't get a good look at me," she said rather sharply.

"Perhaps not. However, I suppose you'll be able to describe the contents of the bag," said Fred, feeling that he had placed a stumbling-block in her way.

"Certainly," she replied promptly. "Don't you suppose I ought to know what I had in the bag?"

"I should think so, madam," smiled Fred.

"There was a handkerchief and a pocketbook, and some other things I don't just remember," she said.

"You're a pretty good guesser," thought the young messenger. "That's right," he added aloud. "Describe what the pocketbook contained."

"It had my name on the outside in gilt letters—C. D. Stokes," she began.

Fred was a bit staggered by this accurate description, and wondered how she had hit it so correctly.

"In the pocketbook was \$210 in money, a check for \$500 made out to my order, and a diamond ring," said the woman triumphantly.

The boy was paralyzed.

The applicant had exactly described the contents of the wallet.

How could she do it unless the bag was really hers?

And yet she certainly was nothing like the lady from whom he saw the bag taken.

CHAPTER III.

THE REAL CLARA D. STOKES.

"I suppose you will let me have the bag now," said the woman with a malicious kind of smirk, as the boy looked at her in doubt and perplexity. "I've described correctly what was in it, haven't I?"

"I'm obliged to admit that you have," replied Fred reluctantly.

"Then I'll take it. I'll give you the odd \$10 for your trouble."

"As I am sure you are not the lady from whom the bag was stolen I'll have to let my employer, Mr. Davis, pass upon your right to it," said Fred.

"What for?" she snapped. "The bag is mine, and I want it. I have no time to fool around here."

"Is Mr. Davis in?" Fred asked the cashier.

"No. He went over to the Exchange."

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait till he gets back, ma'am," said Fred.

"I don't propose to wait," she answered, bristling up. "I want my bag."

"Your bag, if it is yours, is quite safe here until Mr. Davis gets back."

"I don't care how safe it is. I came downtown for it, and I have no time to stay 'round here. I've proved that it's mine, and you have no right to make me go through a lot of red tape to get it back. If you don't hand it over I'll go out and bring a policeman back with me. Then I won't give you the \$10 I promised you."

"I'm sorry, madam, if you insist on doing such a thing, but I don't believe a policeman will help you any. This is a highly respectable brokerage house, and we are good for the bag and its contents."

"I'm not sayin' you ain't, but I don't see no need of

makin' all this fuss over the matter when I've proved the bag is mine," she snorted.

"You have identified the bag, I'll admit, but nevertheless you are not the person from whom I saw it taken. I am positive of that."

"You have very poor eyesight, young man," she snapped.

"I beg your pardon, I have very good eyesight."

The woman bit her lips and looked very angry, and perhaps a bit nervous as well.

"Will you please take a seat? Mr. Davis may be back at any moment," said Fred.

"I s'pose I'll have to," she replied with manifest unwillingness.

Just then the door opened and a fine-looking lady, handsomely dressed, walked in.

It needed but one glance for Fred to recognize her as the lady from whom the bag had been stolen.

"Is not your name Stokes, madam?" said Fred eagerly.

"Yes. Are you the boy who saved my bag from the thief yesterday afternoon?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. I recognize you at once. Here is a person who also claims the bag, has described its contents, and asserts that she is Clara D. Stokes."

"Indeed," smiled the lady, glancing at the other claimant. "I certainly lost my bag under the circumstances described in the paper this morning. Does this lady say she lost her bag under similar circumstances?"

"She does."

"And she has described the contents of the one you have in your possession?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I will tell you what was in mine, and then maybe you'll be able to say to which of us the bag belongs."

The lady then gave the same description of the contents as the other applicant had done.

"Both your statements agree exactly," said Fred.

"That seems singular," said the well-dressed lady.

"It certainly does; but as I said before, I recognize you as the lady the thief attacked and robbed. This other person I never saw before. That fact counts considerably in your favor. Now, since there are two claimants, I think both of you had better let Mr. Davis pass upon the matter. I suppose in case you are asked to prove that you are Clara D. Stokes you can both do so?" said Fred, suavely.

"Certainly," replied the richly attired lady. "My husband is the resident manager of the North Mercantile Insurance Co. of Glasgow. His office is on Pine Street."

"And you, madam, to whom do you refer for identification?" asked the young messenger, turning to the first applicant who looked decidedly ill at ease.

She sniffed, looked daggers at Fred, and refused to answer.

At that moment Mr. Davis walked in.

"Here is Mr. Davis now," said Fred. "Mr. Davis, these two ladies claim the bag I rescued from the thief yesterday afternoon. I want you to pass upon their claims as they have both described the contents of the bag exactly."

The broker looked surprised.

"Walk into my private room, ladies," he said politely, "and I will try to adjust the matter."

The second visitor followed him, with Fred close at her heels.

As she passed into the room the boy turned to usher the other woman in and just caught sight of her vanishing through the door into the corridor.

"That settles it. She's a fraud as I suspected, but it gets me how she knew what was in the bag," he muttered, entering the inner office.

"Take a seat, madam," said the broker. "Where is the other lady, Fred?"

"She's skipped," grinned the boy.

"Skipped?" ejaculated Mr. Davis.

"Yes. Gone. She didn't want to stand the test."

The broker looked perplexed.

Fred then told Mr. Davis that he recognized the lady present as the one from whom the bag was taken by the thief.

"But you say the other person identified the contents of the bag exactly?"

"I admit that she did, and that's what bothers me. She must have got her information from a fortune teller."

"Or from the thief himself," replied the broker, meaningly. "He may have sent her to try and get it."

"By George!" exclaimed the young messenger, a light flashing across his mind. "I remember now that fellow Cardiff has a wife. He was going to get her to endorse the check 'Clara D. Stokes' on the chance that his friend Burdick might be able to cash it under an assumed name. I'll bet that was Mrs. Cardiff. The rascals posted her about the contents of the pocketbook, and sent her here to put in a claim for it. She might have got away with it only I got a good look at this lady at the time the theft happened."

The matter seemed plain enough now, and so Fred got the bag from the cashier and presented it to Mrs. Stokes.

"Thank you, young man," said the lady. "I am ever so much obliged to you for putting yourself out so much in my behalf. You will permit me to present you with the \$210 as a small evidence of my appreciation of your services."

"It isn't necessary for you to pay me for what I did," replied Fred. "I am pleased to have been able to recover your property."

"You must take the money, as you deserve it. That diamond ring is worth \$800. Payment on the check has been stopped, so we will not consider that. I should be glad to hear your story of how you got the bag away from the rascal."

Fred told her what he had been up against, and how it was owing to the opportune arrival of the box by express to Burdick that really enabled him to rescue her bag from the clutches of the rascals, as well as make his own escape.

"I must say that you are a very plucky young man," replied Mrs. Stokes. "I am sure my husband would be glad to see you. Here is my card. We live at the Victoria Hotel. I shall be very much pleased if you will favor us with a call some evening soon, and give my husband and myself the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with you."

Fred thanked her for the invitation and promised to call.

"Drop us a line stating what evening you will be at the hotel, and then we will make no engagement for the night," said the lady, rising.

Fred said he would do it, and then Mrs. Stokes bowed to Mr. Davis, shook hands with the young messenger and took her departure.

CHAPTER IV.

FRED'S TIP ON D. & Q. PROVES A BIG WINNER.

The failure of the scheme to get possession of the bag, presumably played by the wife of the thief, was a source of great satisfaction to Fred.

He felt that he had scored another point on the crook who had given him the cowardly blow in the face at the time of his capture.

He did not expect to meet Cardiff or Burdick again, but that was where his calculations were wrong.

Those rascals were furious when Mrs. Cardiff returned and told them how Fred had defeated her efforts to get the bag.

They swore to be revenged upon the young messenger, and immediately began to figure on some plan that would bring that end about.

Unsuspecting of the fact that he had made two vindictive enemies, Fred went about his regular duties in his customary up-to-date way.

When he next went to the Exchange he did not fail to keep an eye out for Broker Jenkins who was to do the buying on the floor for the D. & Q. combine.

It is not easy to distinguish a particular broker in the board room in a crowd of several hundred gesticulating and active traders unless you have some idea where he is operating, consequently Fred did not see Jenkins that morning.

On his second visit that day he asked several messengers he knew if they had seen Broker Jenkins on the floor.

The two who knew the big trader by sight had not seen him, so the day passed and the young messenger was still ignorant of the name of the stock he was so anxious to learn.

Next morning, as he was entering the messengers' entrance he saw Mr. Jenkins going in at the main door.

As soon as he reached the rail he asked an attendant to find Mr. Davis for him, and then he kept a sharp lookout on the floor while waiting for his employer to come for the note he had brought.

Presently he saw Jenkins take his stand at the D. & Q. standard and was soon exchanging memorandums with various traders.

"I wonder if D. & Q. is the stock he's buying?" thought Fred. "Looks like it. I must make sure before I commit myself to any deal."

Just then Mr. Davis came up, took the note and dismissed him, so he couldn't do anything more then.

When he brought another note to his employer at one o'clock he saw Jenkins still hovering around D. & Q.

Spying a young chap he was well acquainted with, who represented a brokerage firm on the floor, Fred beckoned him over.

"Say, Fosdick, what stock is Broker Jenkins buying?" he asked.

"D. & Q. Seems to have a large order to fill, for he's taking in quite a lot of it," replied Fosdick.

"Thanks," said Fred, satisfied that D. & Q. was the stock that was going to be boomed.

That afternoon when he left the office he stopped in at the little bank and brokerage office on Nassau Street, where one could buy as low as five shares of any stock traded in at the exchanges, and asked the margin clerk to buy for his account 200 shares of D. & Q. at the market price.

As the stock was ruling at 82, that being the closing price at three o'clock, the 200 shares represented a value of \$16,400.

Of course Fred didn't have any such sum to invest, so it was impossible for him to buy the shares outright.

The method of buying on margin enabled him to get control of that amount of stock by putting up \$10 security on each share.

Therefore the young messenger had to deposit \$2,000, nearly the whole of his capital with the bank, which advanced the difference, or \$14,400, charging him interest on that amount to put the deal through.

In case the deal proved successful, and he sold out at several points above 82, the deposit would be returned to him, plus his profits, but less \$50 commission and whatever interest was due the bank on the money it had advanced.

This is known as marginal speculation, and is always a precarious method for the speculator; but nevertheless many people have made big money by it.

This was by far the biggest deal Fred had yet been interested in, and the clerk who knew him by sight, was surprised that a messenger boy should be financially able to go into such a one.

"Did you say 200 shares, Greene?" asked the clerk, regarding him with a curious stare.

"Yes, sir, I said 200 shares," replied Fred.

"You'll have to put up \$2,000 margin."

"I know it. Here is the money. Count it and you'll find it right."

"You seem to be uncommonly flush for a messenger."

"I hope you don't think I've robbed a bank, or stolen from the office till," smiled Fred, goodnaturedly.

"Of course not. Have you come into a legacy?"

"Not to my knowledge. That represents the combined profits of my former small operations."

"Oh, I see. Aren't you taking unusual chances this time? Suppose there's a slump in D. & Q. and we have to call on you for more margin?"

"What of it?" replied the boy, independently.

"I hope you'll be able to meet such a call, or you will be likely to lose your deposit, and \$2,000 is a good deal of money for most any of our customers to have to sacrifice."

"I'm not worrying about losing it, Mr. Wise," answered Fred, pleasantly.

"I'm glad to hear that. I hope you will pull out all right."

"Thank you. I expect to."

"How came you to pick out D. & Q.? It hasn't been very active for some time."

"That's one of my business secrets."

"Well, here is your memorandum."

Fred took it, walked out of the brokerage department of the little bank and went home.

Next day, and for many days thereafter, the young mes-

senger watched the tape in the office whenever he got a chance that he might keep track of the fluctuations in D. & Q.

At no time did it go below 80, and at the end of eight days it was up to 86.

It was about this time that Fred thought he would call on Mrs. Clara Stokes, so he sent her word that he would be up on Wednesday evening.

He called at the Victoria Hotel on that evening and asked the clerk at the counter if the lady was in.

"She is, and if you're Fred Greene she's expecting you."

"That's my name all right," replied the messenger.

The clerk tapped a bell which brought over a boy in uniform.

"Take this young man up to the Stokes suite," said the clerk to the bell-boy.

"Follow me," said the youth in buttons, heading for the elevator.

Mr. and Mrs. Stokes had apartments on the sixth floor, and thither Fred was taken and introduced into their reception parlor.

Mrs. Stokes gave Fred a warm welcome.

"I'm sorry that my husband is away. He was obliged to go to Philadelphia this morning on business of importance connected with his company, and I do not expect him back until to-morrow afternoon."

She then laid herself out to entertain her young visitor, and Fred found time passed very pleasantly in her society.

In the course of the evening the conversation switched around to Wall Street stocks, and Fred told Mrs. Stokes how successful he had been in accumulating a small capital out of a number of deals.

Then he explained that he had put nearly all of his money up on a certain stock on the strength of a tip he had accidentally got hold of.

"I bought it at 82. It is now 86, and I'm expecting to see it boom above 90 in a few days," he said.

Mrs. Stokes seemed to be very much interested in the matter.

"Are you really confident it will go above 90?" she asked.

"I am. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised to see it go to par. There is a big syndicate behind it, and the members of it have money to burn. When the moguls of the Street push a deal of this kind they generally make a success of it."

"I have a little money I'd like to invest if I thought there was a reasonable chance of my making something," said Mrs. Stokes. "My husband, however, has discouraged me about Wall Street stocks. He says the chances are that I will lose my money if I were to be so foolish as to put any of it up on marginal speculation, for that is the only way I could afford to buy stocks."

"I think your husband is right, Mrs. Stokes. I wouldn't advise you to have anything to do with speculation in Wall Street."

"Oh, dear, if you say that, too, I'm afraid I must give up the idea," she said, with a kind of disappointed laugh.

"I have to tell the truth. The only encouragement I can offer you is to buy D. & Q. the stock I'm in, for there is a good show, in my opinion, that you'll come out ahead if you don't hold on to it too long."

"Well, if you will buy me 100 shares, and use your own judgment about selling, I'll divide the profit with you."

"I'll buy the shares for you and sell them when I sell my own, but I won't let you divide the profit with me. I'm not yet a Shylock. I'll do this for you simply as a favor, and because I think you stand a good show of winning several hundred dollars. But remember I don't guarantee that you will win. No one can put full dependence on the market. I am taking chances on the tip which I consider a good one. You will have the same advantage I consider I have. If a screw works loose we'll both lose some of our deposit at any rate."

"I'll give you \$1,000 and you can buy 100 shares of D. & Q. for me. Hold it as long as you think proper and then sell. If I should lose I won't blame you."

Fred agreed to do the best he could for her, and when he left at half-past ten he carried away her \$1,000 in his pocket.

Next morning he visited the little bank and surprised the margin clerk by buying another 100 shares of D. & Q. at 86.

"You must have a tip on this stock," he said, "otherwise you wouldn't do such reckless buying."

"Think so?" smiled Fred. "How do you know but I'm buying these shares for somebody else?"

"I don't know, and it's none of my business anyway who you're buying it for. There is your ticket. In any case, I wish you luck with your venture."

Fred picked up his memorandum and hurried back to his office.

During the day there was a general upward move of the whole market and D. & Q. advanced to 98, at which figure it closed.

Fred sent Mrs. Stokes a note telling her of her good luck.

"I bought the shares for you just in the nick of time. They are now worth \$300 more than what I gave for them. As for myself, I'm about \$1,300 ahead of the game," he concluded.

Next day there were lively times in Wall Street.

The advance in the market brought down a host of "lamb" speculators with their little wads looking for easy money, and the brokers did a big business.

That kept the messenger boys on the jump, and Fred had his share of exercise.

When the Stock Exchange closed that day D. & Q. was up to 91, and Fred sent Mrs. Stokes another note informing her of the fact.

On the following day the board room was crowded with excited brokers.

Jenkins went on the floor about eleven and began to bid up D. & Q. a point at a time.

His action at once attracted attention, and he was soon the center of an excited mob of traders.

The brokers, scenting a boom, began buying the stock when they could get it.

It was so scarce that there was little that could be delivered.

Many traders short on D. & Q. began making strenuous exertions to get enough to cover themselves, but were not very successful.

As the day advanced D. & Q., amid a wild hubbub, passed 100 and kept on till it registered at 105.

Fred saw that quotation just before he carried a message to a broker in the Astor Building at twenty minutes of three.

On his way back he dashed up to the little bank and ordered the margin clerk to close out both his orders right away.

His instructions were carried out, and five minutes before three the 300 shares were sold to some broker for 105 3-8.

That gave him a profit of \$4,600 on his deal.

Mrs. Stokes' profit on her 100 shares footed up \$2,000, a profit of 200 per cent. on the amount of her investment.

Before he went home Fred wrote the lady how the price had gone even higher than he had anticipated, and congratulated her on her fine luck.

When the young messenger reached home he astonished his aunt by telling her of his lucky deal, and how it had increased his capital to \$7,000.

CHAPTER V.

TRAPPED BY HIS ENEMIES.

During the two weeks that had intervened since Fred had thwarted the attempt of Mrs. Cardiff to get possession of the bag belonging to Mrs. Stokes, Cardiff and Burdick had been watching the boy off and on, on the lookout for a chance to do him up out of revenge because he had wrested from them the proceeds of the robbery.

Both had appeared in Wall Street in disguise, had spotted him when he left the office on an errand, and finally had tracked him to his home after his work was over for the day.

At the end of the two weeks they were no nearer getting Fred into their hands than at first.

However, they intended to persevere until they achieved their object.

Two days after Fred sold out the D. & Q. stock he collected the money coming to him and Mrs. Stokes, and that evening he called on the lady with three \$1,000 bills in his pocket to hand over to her.

He hadn't left the house five minutes before a night-hawk cab drove up to the entrance of the flat and Burdick got out, disguised with a full beard and a pair of green goggles, and rang the bell of the flat occupied by the boy's relatives.

The door latch clicked, but Burdick paid no attention to that fact, and rang again harder than before.

The latch clicked once more, whereupon the man rang for the third time.

His object was to get Fred, who he supposed was in the house, to come down to the front door.

Instead of Fred, Mr. Ransom, his uncle, came down.

Burdick was disappointed to see a man instead of the young messenger.

"Is Fred Greene in?" he asked.

"No. He went out a few minutes ago," replied Mr. Ransom.

"Do you expect him back soon?"

"Not before eleven. He's gone to call on a lady at the Victoria Hotel, downtown."

"All right. I'll call again."

"Will you let me have your name, and I will tell him you were here?"

"It isn't worth while as he doesn't know me. I came on an errand from Mr. Horn, the cashier of his office. I will give you the letter."

Burdick made a bluff to find a letter which did not exist, and finally said, in a tone of pretended vexation, that he guessed he had lost it.

"I'll be back again," he said, starting for the corner.

After going a few feet he made a sign to the driver of the cab, and the jehu started up his nag and followed him to the corner, where he got in.

"Isn't he at home?" said Cardiff when his companion joined him.

"No. He's gone to visit some woman at the Victoria Hotel, and he won't be back till around eleven," replied Burdick.

"Then we'll have to wait around this neighborhood till he returns," said the other rascal. "The later the hour the better it will suit us, anyway. There will be fewer people on the street, and we'll be able to capture him with less risk."

"That's right," agreed Burdick. "We'll drive down to 125th Street, spend an hour or so there, and then come back."

This was agreeable to Cardiff, and so the driver received his instructions and started on down Eighth Avenue.

When Fred was ushered into the Stokes apartments that evening he found Mr. Stokes there, and was introduced to him by Mrs. Stokes.

The insurance man took an instant liking to the pleasant looking boy, and they became friends at once.

"I see you have been encouraging Mrs. Stokes to speculate in Wall Street," he said, with a smile.

"No, sir, I think I rather discouraged her when she first made the suggestion to me. However, I admit I did advise her to go into D. & Q., a stock I was interested in myself, for I believed it to be a sure winner. It has turned out even better than I expected, and I am glad to say that your wife is \$2,000 richer by getting in on it."

"So your letter, received yesterday morning, stated, and its contents was a great surprise to me when Mrs. Stokes showed it to me, as I had not the slightest suspicion that she was interested in the stock market. She then told me the whole story about her little deal, which she had been keeping back on purpose to surprise me. I believe you had a tip on the situation, which is probably the reason why things turned out so satisfactorily."

"Yes, sir, I had a tip that a combine of brokers was going to corner and boom D. & Q., and banked all my own money on it. It was on the strength of that I advised Mrs. Stokes to go in, too, otherwise I wouldn't have suggested that she have anything at all to do with the Wall Street market."

"You did pretty well yourself, I believe?"

"I made over \$4,000."

"That is a large sum for a young man like you to make out of stocks in a single deal, I should think."

"Yes, sir. Messenger boys don't as a rule speculate to that extent. I couldn't have done so either if it wasn't

for the fact that I had a matter of \$2,000 out of half a dozen deals which I put through at odd times."

"Well, I congratulate you on your good fortune, and I thank you very much for helping Mrs. Stokes to her \$2,000. She says it seems just as if she had found the money, it has come so easily."

"Now, Fred—I must call you Fred, for you already seem like an old friend—you must accept \$500 from me as a present for attending to the deal," said Mrs. Stokes.

"No, ma'am; I couldn't think of it. You were kind enough to give me something over \$200 for getting your bag back, which was a very liberal present, therefore I put this matter through for you in consideration of your generosity."

"Oh, you must let me give you something," insisted the lady. "I shouldn't feel satisfied if you didn't. But for you I never would have made the money."

"I don't want you to give me anything. It gave me very little trouble to place your order with the bank, and I made one job of selling your shares out with my own. You have treated me in such a friendly way, inviting me here to see you and your husband, that I am only too pleased to have been of service to you."

Mrs. Stokes saw that Fred wouldn't accept anything, so she said no more, but she was determined to reward him in some other way.

Mr. Stokes now remarked that he had not yet himself thanked Fred for the exertions he had taken in recovering his wife's bag and the property it contained, and he proceeded to do so.

Fred accepted his thanks with a smile, and then the conversation turned into other channels.

He spent a very pleasant evening with his new friends, and when he got up to go they pressed him to call again soon, which he promised to do.

It was a few minutes after eleven when he got out at the 130th Street station and started for his home.

A shabby-looking cab stood nearly in front of the flat-house where he lived.

A full-bearded man was standing close to the flat stoop. As Fred came along he came forward and said:

"You are Fred Greene, I believe."

"Yes, that's my name," replied the boy, stopping, wondering who the man was and what he wanted.

"Mr. Horn would like to see you a moment."

"Mr. Horn!" ejaculated Fred, in surprise.

"Yes, he's waiting in the cab. He'll only detain you a minute."

"Do you mean Mr. Horn, cashier of——"

"George Davis, broker."

Fred could not understand what had brought the cashier up to see him, particularly at that hour of the night.

It must be about a matter of considerable importance.

So, full of curiosity he walked over to the cab door, followed by the bearded man, who was Owen Burdick in disguise.

Burdick reached forward, opened the cab door and gave the boy a shove that sent him into the arms of Cardiff, who was waiting for him inside.

Before Fred knew what was going to happen a pair of hands had encircled his throat and was pressing him down on the cushion of the seat.

Burdick lifted the boy's legs inside, slammed the door and mounted beside the driver, who at once whipped up his nag and started eastward toward the river.

CHAPTER VI.

CARRIED OFF.

Fred was taken both by surprise and at a great disadvantage, so that he had no show at all to defend himself against Cardiff.

He put up the best struggle he could, but it availed him little.

His enemy maintained his grip and choked the boy till he became insensible, then he released him and propped him up against him in the cab.

The vehicle made a couple of turns during its course, and finally drew up at a landing on the Harlem River near the foot of 132d Street.

Here a small sailboat was moored in charge of a rough-looking boy with a red head and freckled countenance.

Fred was removed from the cab, taken aboard the boat, laid upon a bunk in the cabin, and the sliding door shut and padlocked on him.

After handing the driver of the cab a bill, Burdick told the boy to shove off and get under way.

Cardiff hoisted the sail and the cat-boat headed for the mouth of the river opposite Randall's Island.

Reaching that point the red-headed boy pointed his course through the Bronx Kill along the northern shore of the island.

A smart breeze was blowing and the boat made good progress through the water.

It was soon in the upper branches of the East River, with a group of islands dead ahead.

"Things have worked out all right," remarked Burdick, puffing at a fat cigar. "We'll get our revenge out of the boy by making him work like a nigger in the counterfeiting plant on Chub Island. We were lucky to get in with that gang, for matters were getting frosty with us. The silver halves and quarters they have just put in circulation are good enough to deceive an expert. I dare say we'll be able to flood the country with them without being found out. I passed a dozen the other day in as many stores, and they excited not the least suspicion in the minds of the tradesmen. Two dealers slapped them down on their counters, and the ring they gave out satisfied them that the pieces were all right. I see a fortune in sight for all of us, with very little risk of detection."

"I hope so. We need the dough badly enough. The old woman and me have had to scratch pretty hard all winter to keep our heads above water," replied Cardiff.

"Your scratching days are over now, and you can thank me for it. As soon as I got next to the gang I spoke a good word for you and they let you in."

"It was right and proper you should do it as we're pals," said Cardiff, blowing a whiff of smoke from his pipe.

"Of course," nodded Burdick. "I've been thinking it would be a good idea to ship that boy to sea after we're done with him at the island. It wouldn't be safe to let him go free after what he's likely to learn at the island."

"Do you s'pose the gang'll kick at our bringin' him there?"

"No. I've fixed the matter with them. We want another boy to do the rough work."

"It will be a big change from Wall Street for him," grinned Cardiff.

"The less he likes it the better we'll be pleased. He served us a nasty trick by getting away with that bag and its contents, and we are going to get square with him for it."

"He also queered my old woman when she went to get it back."

"He's a pretty slick proposition in his way, but we've got him now where the shoe pinches, and I guess he'll learn a thing or two before he parts company with us."

"I s'pose his boss will set the cops lookin' for him as soon as he's missed."

"What do we care? Water leaves no traces."

"I guess there's no danger of any detective comin' to Chub Island."

"Not the least. The island is never visited, except by some lone fisherman."

While they were talking the boat continued eastward through the East River, passing College Point and heading for the entrance of Long Island Sound.

It was about this time that Fred recovered his senses.

At first he could not imagine where he was.

The place in which he was confined was dark, and it was moving along with a kind of rolling and plunging motion that soon told him he was aboard some kind of a boat under way.

He took out his match-safe and struck a light.

Then he realized that he was in the cabin of a small sailboat.

There was a bunk on either side, on one of which he was sitting.

In the center of the trunk-roof was a small skylight.

Against the bulkhead forward was the single mast, rising through the roof.

Attached to this was a lamp with a tin reflector, unlighted at present.

There were lockers under the bunks, and various other things that go to make up the interior furnishings of such a craft.

"Gee! It looks as if I'm being carried off somewhere. I wonder why this outrage has been worked on me, and who the rascals are at the back of it? I don't see any reason in their actions. I'm not the son of some bloated millionaire that any gang of blackmailers would find it worth while to kidnap in expectation of getting a ransom. I'm just a plain Wall Street messenger, worth \$7,000, it is true, but that fact is only known to myself and a select few who are not giving the information out. There is some mystery about it that I'd like to find out."

Fred lit another match, located the sliding door and tried it.

It was fast and he couldn't open it.

"Well, I don't see that I can get out of here till my captors get ready to let me out. When they do, I may be able to learn the why and wherefore of this strange outrage. I have certainly been handled without gloves, and my throat doesn't feel any too good after that fellow's grip. I had an idea he intended to murder me the way he choked me when I was thrown into the cab."

Fred returned to the bunk and threw himself upon it to await developments.

He wondered whether the boat was on the Hudson River or on the East River, and where it was going.

Conjecture under the circumstances was useless, so he gave the matter up.

In the course of an hour the door was slid back and Burdick and Cardiff entered the cabin.

The former advanced, struck a match and lit the lamp, which diffused a bright glow around the place.

"So you've come to your senses, have you?" said Burdick, with a malicious grin.

"Yes, and I'd like to know the meaning of all this," replied Fred, sitting up.

"It means that you're in our power," replied Burdick.

"That's evident," answered the boy coolly, looking narrowly at the men and failing to identify them on account of their heavy false beards. "But you must have an object in this."

"We have."

"What is it?"

"To get square with you."

"I should like to know what I've done to either of you. I never saw you before to my knowledge."

"Yes, you have."

"Where?"

"In a building in Dey Street, two weeks ago."

That reply opened Fred's eyes.

"Then you are Burdick and Cardiff?"

"You've struck it right at the first guess," chuckled Burdick.

"Your faces are disguised by false beards, for you look different."

"Correct," answered Burdick, removing his heavy hairy appendage.

Cardiff did likewise, and both rascals stood revealed.

"You're down on me because I got the best of you over the bag affair?"

"We are. You made a great mistake when you butted into our business."

"I don't think so. It was a crooked piece of business, and you both ought to have been put in jail for it," replied Fred, fearlessly.

"You tried to get us pinched, but we managed to keep out of the way of the cops. We are too old birds to be caught napping."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"You'll find out in good time."

"I don't see what you're going to gain by the trouble you've taken to carry me off. There are a dozen easier ways you might have taken satisfaction out of me."

"I know it; but we are combining business with pleasure."

"Business!"

"That's what I said. We're going to make you useful to us."

"How?"

"You'll learn before long."

"If you think you can make me help you in any crooked enterprise you'll get left."

"Oh, I don't know," laughed Burdick. "There are more ways than one of killing a cat," he added, significantly.

"I don't imagine you intend to kill me. You could have finished me in the cab had you intended to go to such an extreme."

"No, we're not going to kill you. We don't hate you bad enough to run the risk of the electric chair on your account. We've got another object in view."

"And you won't say what that is?"

"Not at present. We're holding it back as a surprise for you," and the speaker grinned unpleasantly.

"All right. I suppose you both know you are committing a serious crime in carrying me off against my will."

"We're not worrying about that."

"You probably will later on."

"We're taking the chances of it. Lie down and take it easy while you can. When we reach the end of our route we'll take you ashore."

Burdick made a sign to Cardiff and they both left the cabin, shutting and locking the door after them.

CHAPTER VII.

FRED'S INTRODUCTION TO THE COUNTERFEITERS AND HIS ESCAPE.

Fred concluded to take Burdick's advice and lie down, as there was nothing to be gained by sitting up, and he was tired though not particularly sleepy, notwithstanding that it was now nearly one in the morning.

The swing and easy dip of the boat made him drowsy, and before long he was sound asleep.

Just before sunrise the boat made its landing at Chub Island, a desolate looking bit of land in Long Island Sound off the Connecticut shore, not far from the New York State line.

Burdick looked into the cabin and seeing Fred asleep, concluded not to disturb him for a while.

He and Cardiff went ashore, leaving the red-headed boy in the boat.

After the two men had disappeared into a rough-looking shanty, the boy stepped out of the boat and began to stretch his legs on the beach.

The sky gradually grew lighter in the east and at length the sun rose, shining down the long stretch of Sound.

The rays flashed through the skylight into the cabin, making the rays from the reflector lamp look dim and yellow.

Fred slept on, unconscious that he had reached his destination.

Burdick and Cardiff remained away more than an hour.

They found there had been a change of sentiment among the counterfeiting gang as to the advisability of allowing the strange boy to land and take part, under compulsion, in their crooked business.

They argued that it was taking too much of a chance.

He would have to be closely watched, though there was small chance of his making his escape even if given the freedom of the small island, as it was all of two miles from the nearest shore.

One man in particular said that they had too much at stake to run any unnecessary risk.

They wanted another boy, it was true, but they didn't want one whose honesty was liable to lead them into trouble.

Burdick insisted that there would be no risk in taking Fred Greene into their laboratory underground and keeping him there.

"When we're through with the business I'll arrange to have him shipped away to some foreign port," he said. "By the time he gets back any information he could furnish the authorities about us will be valueless."

The matter was finally put to a vote, and it was decided to let the boy come ashore, much to the satisfaction of Burdick and Cardiff, who at one time were afraid they would have to cast the young Wall Street messenger adrift.

It was after six when Burdick and his associate returned to the boat and re-entered the cabin.

Fred was still in the land of dreams, but they roughly awakened him and marched him ashore.

They took him to the two-room shanty in the center of the island and there he was inspected by the other members of the gang.

"Now, Greene," said Burdick, "you've been brought here to work."

"Work!" ejaculated the boy in surprise.

"That's what I said. By getting away with that bag you did Cardiff and me out of \$210 cash, a diamond ring worth anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000, and a \$500 check on which we might have raised the money. You've got to make that up to us by donating your services at the rate of \$10 a week until you have squared the account or we let you off. If you turn to and do the right thing, you'll be treated right; if you ride rusty you'll find you'll have a hard road to travel. That's all I've got to say, so it's up to you to make the best of your situation. You needn't think you'll be able to get away from here, for you'll be disappointed. The island is two miles from shore, and nobody ever comes here but us. How do you like the prospect?"

"I don't like it," replied Fred, frankly; "but I guess you and Cardiff will pay dearly for keeping me a prisoner here."

"Maybe we will, but I doubt it. We know what we're about. After breakfast you'll be initiated into your duties. See that you attend to them right up to the handle. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse, so you'd better take the hint, or it'll be worse for you."

Fred was roughly invited to sit up and make himself at home, and as the eatables looked good he saw no reason why he should refuse, though he maintained a dignified silence during the meal.

There was no lack of food, so everybody had all he could eat.

After breakfast the men adjourned outside for a smoke, leaving Fred with the red-headed boy who came last to table, as the duty of supplying all hands with pancakes ad libitum had devolved on him.

"What's your name?" asked the red-headed youth, looking at Fred.

"My name is Greene. What's yours?"

"Robert Emmet Heally, called Bob for short," grinned the lad.

"Well, Robert Emmet Heally, I suppose you know I'm here against my will?"

"I don't know nothin'."

"As you helped carry me off from New York you know that much."

"How do you know I helped carry you off?"

"Because I heard your voice in the cockpit more than once during the trip."

"It's a bad thing to hear too much. I never do."

"You mean you pretend you don't?"

The red-headed boy grinned.

"What kind of work do the men here expect me to do?"

"You'll find out soon."

"Won't you put me wise to it?"

"Nope. It's none of my business."

"I'd give \$500 in good money to any one that helped me get away from here."

"What you givin' me? You ain't got no \$500 to give."

"Not with me, but I could raise it within an hour after I got back to the city."

The red-headed boy winked his eye in an incredulous way.

"You don't believe me?"

"It doesn't make no difference whether I do or not. I wouldn't help you for twice \$500; 'cause why? I couldn't. You ain't got nary chance of gettin' away from this island till the men let you go, and that won't be soon."

The conversation was cut short by the entrance of one of the men who proved to be the leader of the counterfeiters.

His name was Jack Boland, and he didn't look at all like a rogue.

"Follow me," he said to Fred, and the boy obeyed.

He was led into an adjoining room when the man opened a trap, disclosing a stout ladder communicating with some place below.

"Go down," said Boland, sharply.

Fred descended the ladder and found himself in a pitchy dark hole.

Boland followed, and taking him by the shoulders, pushed him through a passage, the sides and roof of which were constructed of rough boards.

The passage ended in a roomy place equally dark.

Fred could make out nothing till a reflector lamp was lit and then he saw he was in a large room ceiled with planks held in place by braces.

Fred saw several blast furnaces connected with chimneys, uniting with a wide flue that disappeared upward through the earth.

There were two work-benches covered with tools requisite in fine metal working.

There were several odd looking machines about the room, the purposes of which Fred could not even guess.

In a pan connected with one of the machines lay quite a number of apparently brand new minted fifty cent pieces that glistened in the lamp-light.

Near a pair of finely-constructed scales, covered with a glass globe, on one of the benches, lay several piles of new twenty-five cent pieces.

Fred stared at everything he saw about him until the man ordered him to put on a leather apron that hung from a nail and a mica heat shade for the eyes.

"Now get busy and start the fires in those furnaces."

"First I want you to tell me what kind of workshop this is," said Fred, facing Boland with compressed lips.

"It's none of your business what kind of shop this is," replied the man, with an angry stare. "You are here to work and not to ask questions."

"I believe you people are counterfeiters."

"Oh, you do?" sneered Boland. "You have no business to have any opinion in the matter. Do as I order you to do."

"I won't."

"You won't?" cried Boland.

"No."

"I'll see if you won't, you young whelp," roared the man.

He turned to pick up a thick piece of wood from beside one of the benches.

Fred saw a smaller one lying on the nearest furnace.

He snatched it up and dealt Boland a swift blow alongside the head.

The man dropped unconscious.

"I'm in for it now," breathed Fred; "but I don't care. I'm not going to help these rascals with their underhand work."

Glancing down at the man he had struck he saw the butt of a revolver peeping out of his hip pocket.

He took possession of it and glided toward the passage where the ladder stood.

Running nimbly up the ladder he stepped out into the room above.

It was lined with bunks where the counterfeiters slept, and it was untenanted at that moment.

One of the windows was open to air the room.

Fred stood on a bunk and looked out.

No one was in sight, but he could hear the men talking around the corner in the sunshine.

A hundred feet away he saw the cat-boat moored to the beach by a rope.

"If I can reach her I'll be safe," he muttered. "If they try to cut me off I'll shoot, and their blood be on their own heads."

He dropped out of the window.

Then it occurred to him that all of them might be armed, and in that case he might be riddled like a collender.

"I'll have to chance it."

At that moment he heard Burdick say: "We'd better be getting below. The furnaces are lighted by this time. Come on."

Fred heard the men tramp through the living-room and then enter the sleeping-room where the trap stood open.

"I have no time to lose now, for they'll be on to the situation in a minute or two," he said to himself.

He immediately made a dash for the boat.

The red-headed boy came to the door with a pan of dirty water to throw out.

He saw the fleeing messenger making for the boat.

Dropping the pan he rushed back to the trap to give the alarm.

Fred reached the boat as soon as Robert Emmet Heally reached the trap.

He had drawn his pocket-knife en route, and he slashed at the painter till he severed it.

Then he shoved the boat off toward the Connecticut shore and sprang aboard.

Rushing on top of the cabin he hoisted the sail, which had not been furled, and the wind catching the canvas the

boat gathered headway and rapidly receded from the island.

With the end of the sheet in his hand Fred seated himself at the tiller and got the boat on her course just as Burdick, Cardiff and three other counterfeiterers burst from the door of the shanty and dashed for the beach, yelling and flinging imprecations after the escaped prisoner.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRED SECURES ANOTHER TIP.

The counterfeiterers reached the water's edge and seeing that their prisoner was out of their reach, three of them drew revolvers and began to fire at the boy.

As the first bullet flew by his ears Fred ducked out of sight, and the shots flew harmlessly over his head.

Peeping above the stern woodwork Fred opened a return fire with the revolver he had taken from the senseless Boland.

The bullets did not hit the rascals, but it scattered them, and they were glad to retreat out of range.

The young messenger then pursued his way shoreward without further molestation.

He landed on the outskirts of a village and tied the boat alongside a small wharf.

"I want to find the police station of this place," he said to the first man he met.

"There hain't no police station," replied the inhabitant, "but you'll find the constable in his house yonder."

So Fred called on the person who represented the police department of the village.

To him he told his story.

"There are six counterfeiterers and a boy over on that island, and they have a regular plant for turning out silver currency," said Fred. "You'd better get busy, take a dozen men and go over and pinch the whole outfit before they can find a chance to get away."

The constable, with visions in his head of securing a fine reputation as a crook catcher, started off to gather a big posse of his friends.

In the course of an hour the expedition was ready to sail for the island.

Fred accompanied it as a matter of course.

When they reached Chub Island Fred and the constable found to their intense disappointment that the birds had flown.

They had been taken off by some craft they had signalled, and were nowhere in sight.

The hole leading down into the room where the machinery and other apparatus were standing was filled up with dirt, and as the party was not provided with excavating implements, the constable and his posse had to return to the shore empty-handed.

Fred left them getting ready for a second visit to the island, and took a train for New York.

On reaching the Grand Central depot he boarded the Third Avenue elevated for Hanover Square, and reached Mr. Davis' office a little before noon.

"How is it you're late this morning, Greene?" asked Mr. Horn, the cashier.

"Couldn't help it, sir. I was kidnapped from the city

last night by a couple of rascals, and I'm mighty lucky to get back at all. Where's Mr. Davis?"

"At the Exchange. What do you mean by saying you were kidnapped? Explain yourself."

"I'll tell you later on. It's too long a story to go over now," replied Fred.

The boy took his customary seat and the cashier followed him with his eye.

"If I didn't know Fred to be a thoroughly upright boy, I'd think he was giving me a bunch of taffy about being kidnaped. I never heard of such a thing before. I'd like to hear how it happened."

A few minutes afterward he called Fred up and sent him out with a message.

When the boy returned he met Mr. Davis in the elevator.

"What was the matter with you this morning, Fred?" the broker asked.

"I was up against a hard experience since last night at eleven. I'll tell you all about it at the office if you've the time to listen," answered Fred.

The boy followed the broker into his private room and told Mr. Davis the story of his night's and morning's adventures.

"Upon my word, Fred, this is a most remarkable narrative. So you fell in with a gang of counterfeiterers who have their plant on Chub Island. The Government must be informed of it."

"The rascals have flown the coop and the constable of L—— village has probably got possession of the plant long before this."

"I'll notify the Secret Service Bureau about the matter, and you will undoubtedly be interviewed by a Government detective."

A secret service man called on Fred that afternoon before he left the office and heard his story.

He complimented the young messenger on the way he had conducted himself, and he said he had no doubt but the Treasury Department would commend him officially as soon as the matter was brought to the Secretary's attention.

Of course Fred's uncle and aunt were greatly astonished at the story he told them that afternoon when he reached home.

Mrs. Ransom had been much worried over her nephew's unaccountable absence from home all night until she received his telegram early in the afternoon briefly telling her that he was at the office.

Mr. Ransom told him about the visit he had had from the bearded man, who, after asking for Fred, had said he came with a letter, which he had lost, from Mr. Horn, the cashier of Mr. Davis's office.

"That was Burdick. Did you notice if there was a cab standing near the house, uncle?"

"There was. A shabby looking one."

"That's the cab I was later on carried off in."

"I'm very sorry that you got mixed up in that bag affair," said his aunt. "It has brought all last night's trouble on you. Those two rascals seem determined to revenge themselves on you."

"They haven't succeeded very well so far," chuckled Fred. "Maybe they'll let me alone in the future."

The story of the discovery of the counterfeiterers' head-

quarters on Chub Island, together with Fred Greene's connection with its exposure, was printed in several of the morning papers, and Mr. Stokes read it while at breakfast in the Victoria with his wife.

"Our young friend Greene appears to have had an exciting experience after he left us the evening before last."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Stokes, in some surprise. "Is his name in the paper?"

"It is. Read that," and the insurance manager handed the paper to his wife.

Mrs. Stokes read the article, and was as astonished as her husband.

That same morning about ten Fred admitted a couple of well-known operators into Mr. Davis's private room.

They were closeted with him for half an hour and then they went away.

When the broker returned from the Exchange about two o'clock he called Fred inside and handed him a note to deliver at an office on Broad Street.

Fred walked into the place and asked for Mr. Alperman.

He was shown into an inner room where he found one of the visitors of the morning seated at his desk.

He took the note, read it and told Fred to take a seat.

Then he went into an adjoining room to see his associate.

The two rooms were really only one, divided by a partition, and as the partition had an air-hole in it near where Fred had seated himself, the talk that took place in the next compartment was quite audible to him.

"Davis says he's with us and has interested John Owens to the extent of a quarter of a million," said the gentleman to whom Fred had brought the note. "That completes the syndicate and we can go ahead now and buy every share of L. & M. we can get hold of."

"Good," replied the other. "We'll arrange for a meeting to-morrow morning at Benson's office at ten, and have the money paid in so that Davis can begin buying on the quiet. After we have secured all that is to be had from the list of brokers I have prepared, then Davis can start in and finish matters in the board room."

"Davis says he knows where he can scoop 5,000 off the reel."

"Tell him to do it, and turn the stock in. We will return him the excess in cash, and mark him paid up."

"L. & M. is so low just now that we ought to make a good thing out of this deal."

"We are bound to if everything works out all right. At any rate, we are banking on it to the extent of a million between us. I shall be disappointed if we make less than a quarter of a million apiece."

The operator who had received the note returned to his room and wrote a short note which he put in an envelope and addressed to George Davis.

"Take that back with you," he said to the young messenger.

Dick bowed and left the office.

CHAPTER IX.

FRED MAKES ANOTHER FINE HAUL OUT OF THE MARKET.

"Gee! What luck!" ejaculated Fred, as he walked to the elevator. "L. & M. is going to be cornered and boomed,

and my boss is in on the ground floor. He ought to make a hundred thousand or more. And I ought to lose no time in getting in on such a good thing. I'll leave an order for the purchase of 700 shares this afternoon with the little bank. How Wise, the margin clerk, will stare at my nerve. I guess he'll suspect I've got hold of a tip. He's at liberty to."

When he got back to the office he handed the note to Mr. Davis.

"There's a Government man outside waiting to see you," said the broker. "He says four of the six counterfeiters, and a boy, have been arrested. He wants you to go with him and identify the men. You may go."

"All right, sir," replied Fred.

When he came out of the private room the Government man introduced himself and explained his errand.

"I'll go with you," said the young messenger.

The detective took him to Ludlow Street jail where the counterfeiters were lined up with perhaps fifteen other prisoners and officials, and he was asked to pick them out if he could.

Fred put his hand on Boland and one other, but the other two he could not identify, much to their satisfaction.

He was disappointed because Burdick and Cardiff were not in the batch.

He was informed that they had not been captured.

"I'm sorry to hear it," he replied, "for they are the rascals who kidnapped me. I'd like to see them put through for it."

"Oh, we'll get them yet," replied the detective. "So you can't pick out the other two?"

"I didn't pay much attention to the fellows during the short time I was in their company on the island. My thoughts were engaged on figuring how I could manage to escape. There are at least six men in the line who have a general resemblance to the counterfeiters, and I really couldn't pick the two from them."

"All right," said the Government man, and Fred was allowed to return to Wall Street.

On his way home that day he stopped in at the little bank and told Wise that he wanted the bank to buy 700 shares of L. & M. for his account.

"Seven hundred shares, eh? You're getting to be a great plunger, Greene," said the clerk. "One of these fine days you'll plunge in the wrong direction and then you'll have to begin all over again."

"Yes, I suppose," laughed Fred.

That evening he called on the Stokeses again in response to a note he had received from Mrs. Stokes.

"Now, Fred," said the lady on his arrival, "do tell us all about this trouble you got into after leaving us the night before last."

"I see you've been reading the morning papers," laughed the boy.

"Of course. My husband saw the story about your adventure with the counterfeiters almost the first thing at the breakfast table this morning. He showed it to me, and I was much astonished. According to the interview the reporter had with you, you were carried off by the two men connected with the theft of my bag."

"That's right. They expected to get square with me because I did them out of your bag and its contents."

"It is really too bad that I should be the innocent cause of getting you into so much trouble," said Mrs. Stokes.

Fred then went over all that had happened to him after he was bundled into the cab in front of his home by Burdick until he made his escape from the rascals in their own sailboat, and Mr. and Mrs. Stokes listened to him with great interest.

They praised his pluck and said they were proud to have him as a friend.

In the course of the evening Fred mentioned how he had captured another tip.

"I won't mention the name of the stock, but I'll say this much that it's a good one that's selling low in the market at present. I've put all my money up on 700 shares, and if you'd like to go in with me on another 100 or more shares, I feel sure you'll come out again with a profit."

"I think I may venture again, Henry," she said, turning to her husband.

"It's up to you, my dear," he replied with a smile. "It's your own money you will put up. If you want to chance the market again, I have nothing to say against it, as long as our young friend thinks you have a fair chance of winning."

Mrs. Stokes said she would call at Fred's office in the morning with whatever sum she concluded to invest.

"All right," he replied. "If I happen to be out don't let on to any one there what you want to see me about. I don't want my boss to know that I am speculating, for we messengers are not supposed to do such a thing."

Mrs. Stokes promised to be mum, and then she brought out a handsome set of diamond cuff buttons, and a diamond scarf ornament, which she begged Fred to accept as a present from her in grateful recognition of his services in the successful deal in D. & Q. which he had put through for her so successfully.

Fred was surprised, but he accepted the valuable gift with thanks.

After remaining half an hour longer the young messenger made his bow and departed for home.

The next morning Fred noticed in the market report that L. & M. had gone up a point.

"That means my shares will cost me \$700 more than I thought, for the stock was ruling all day around 64. I didn't expect it would rise until the syndicate had bought in a good batch of it. I wouldn't be surprised if it went down again for a few days. However, I don't think it will drop far enough to put me in a hole."

At eleven o'clock while he was seated in his chair, Mrs. Stokes entered the office.

Fred gave her a cordial welcome and brought a chair for her.

"I've brought down \$2,000," she said, "so you can buy me 200 shares of the stock you spoke about."

"I'll tell you the name of it now. I didn't want to mention it before your husband for certain reasons. It is L. & M., and you mustn't mention it to any one."

"I won't if you don't wish me to," she replied.

Fred took the money and put it in his pocket.

In a few minutes the cashier called him up and handed him a note to take to Mr. Davis at the Exchange, so he accompanied Mrs. Stokes as far as the sidewalk and then bade her good-by.

Half a dozen times during the day he got a look at the ticker, but L. & M. did not go either up or down that day, closing at 65.

When he left the office he went straight to the little bank and bought the 200 shares for Mrs. Stokes in his own name, then he went home.

Fred didn't expect there would be much doing in L. & M. for a week, so he was not surprised to notice that it clung around 65, and even went two points below that.

Six days after he made the purchase of Mrs. Stokes's shares Fred saw by the ticker that there was an upward move in the stock.

It didn't amount to a whole lot, but Fred hoped it represented the beginning of what was to come.

He knew Mr. Davis had been industriously buying the shares every day on the outside, and he judged that the syndicate had acquired quite a bunch by that time.

On the day in question Broker Davis had commenced buying in the open market, and as soon as the other traders got on to the fact that he was taking in all that was offered, many of them began buying, too, and that caused the rise Fred noticed.

The closing price that afternoon was 66.

Next morning it opened strong at 66 1-8 and kept on up to 68, with heavy buying that attracted general attention.

Mr. Davis stopped buying at that point and left the Exchange.

A strong short interest then developed an attack on the stock and the price dropped back to 66.

When Mr. Davis returned to the floor he was able to buy in several thousand shares at a fraction above that figure, after which L. & M. worked itself back to 68.

The stock closed at that price.

"Well, I'm \$2,000 ahead at this point," thought Fred, as he read the quotation on the tape. "I hope I'll be as much more ahead to-morrow at this time."

He went home feeling pretty good, for his hopes were high as to what Fortune had in store for him.

"If the police only captured Burdick and Cardiff I'd be satisfied that everything was coming my way. I don't like the idea of those chaps being at large. They may take it into their heads to work some other scheme on me, and if they got me into their power after what has happened, I'd be likely to have a hard time of it."

Next morning L. & M. made a jump from 68 3-8 to 71 inside of half an hour.

This caused another rush of buyers, but the stock was now hard to get.

Brokers fancying there was going to be a boom began falling all over one another in their efforts to secure more of it while it was rising.

The excitement around the L. & M. pole only served to push the price higher, and when the market closed at three the last quotation of L. & M. was 79.

Fred might have sold out at a profit of over \$9,000, but he didn't.

There was a lot of money in it yet he decided, and he held on.

When Mr. Davis came in flushed with satisfaction, Fred followed him into his private room.

"Mr. Davis, a lady friend of mine is interested in L. & M., which seems to be booming, to the extent of 200

shares," he said. "Would you advise her to hold on for a higher price?"

Mr. Davis looked at him rather hard.

"When did she buy it?" he asked.

"A few days ago."

"Is she a particular friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I think it's safe for her to hold on till it reaches 85 at any rate."

"All right, I'll tell her."

"Don't say I told you. The stock may go to 90, but nobody can say just how high it will go. I think she had better sell around 85 if it reaches that figure, which I think it will."

Fred thanked his employer and retired.

He felt sure the syndicate would push the price to 90, if it could be done, and he had little doubt but it would reach 85 next day.

It did reach that price by noon on the following day, and at two o'clock was going at 90 5-8.

Fred had made up his mind to sell at around 85, but got no chance to go to the bank to put in his order.

When he saw the last quotation chalked up he asked permission of the cashier to go out for a few minutes, and getting it, ran up to the little bank as fast as he could and ordered his own 700 and Mrs. Stokes's 200 shares sold at once.

The order was immediately transmitted by 'phone to the bank's representative in the board room, and a minute or two after he got it he sold the stock to a broker for 90 1-2.

When Fred got his settlement with the bank he knew exactly what profit he had made, which was \$17,600, while Mrs. Stokes had made a little over \$5,000.

"She'll be tickled to death over her luck, and will be ready to swear by me hereafter," Fred said to himself, as he returned to his office with the money in his pocket. "As for myself, I'm worth almost \$25,000 now, which is pretty good capital for a messenger boy."

CHAPTER X.

A WALL STREET WRECK.

Mrs. Stokes had watched the market reports in the newspapers right along, and when she saw that L. & M. was advancing, she told her husband that the stock she was interested in was going up.

True to her promise to Fred, she would not tell him the name of the stock.

Fred wrote her a couple of times during the rise, telling her that things were coming on finely.

Finally on the afternoon when he cashed in, he notified her that he had closed out with a large profit to them both, adding that he would call with her money as soon as he had collected it.

Accordingly, he presented himself at the Victoria Hotel on Friday evening with a check for a little over \$7,000 on the little bank made out to her order.

He received his usual hearty reception from Mrs. Stokes, her husband being out.

After a short talk on various matters he told her how much she had won, and handed her the check.

While she believed she had won a considerable amount,

she had no idea that she had been so lucky, and the sum total of the check quite took away her breath.

"Goodness, Fred, did I really win over \$5,000?" she said.

"The check is the best evidence I can give of the fact," laughed the young messenger.

"Well," she cried, drawing a long breath, "I am surprised."

"As long as the surprise is a pleasant one it's all right," he said.

"Aren't you going to let me pay you a liberal commission this time?"

"No, ma'am. The bank has charged you a quarter of one per cent. for buying and selling the 200 shares, and six per cent. for the use of the money it advanced you to carry the deal. You can't pay me anything. My services to you are free, and always will be to my particular friends."

"It seems too much to expect of you, Fred," she protested.

"Don't worry about that, Mrs. Stokes."

"My husband will be amazed at my good luck."

"Then don't spring the surprise on him too quick or he might have a fit," chuckled the boy.

"It's just like finding money, isn't it?"

"It certainly is when you pick it up in chunks."

"I don't wonder the Wall Street brokers look prosperous."

"They don't, as a rule, make their money speculating themselves."

"Don't they?"

"No; they let their clients do the speculating while they gather in a large profit out of the commission and interest on their capital invested. Of course, there are exceptions. My boss does a lot of speculating himself, and is worth, I should imagine, more than a million; but I guess he works more or less on inside information that gives him and his business associates a big advantage."

Fred explained a lot about Wall Street methods, and then the conversation changed to other topics.

A month passed and things went on about as usual with Fred.

After the boom in L. & M. subsided the market became quiet.

Mr. Davis and his syndicate friends captured a large profit out of the deal, which other people lost as a matter of course, since every dollar made in Wall Street has got to come out of somebody's pocket.

Some of the "lambs" had come out ahead, but the greater number had bought at high figures, in their eagerness to get in on the boom, and when the boom came to an abrupt end, as booms usually do, though there was no particular panic in this case, they closed out at a loss.

There were speculative brokers, too, who had plunged too recklessly in order to make a fortune out of the rise, and many of these were pinched badly.

Sable Island, it is said, has more wrecks strewn along its shore, in proportion to its sea line, than any other spot in the world; so Wall Street has more financial wrecks than any other moneyed center of its size.

Most of these wrecks drift away from the Street, as they are decidedly out of place there, but still a number hang around trying desperately to get on their feet once more.

One of these unfortunates Fred met one day on Broad Street.

In his prosperous days he had been a steady customer of Mr. Davis's, and Fred knew his face the moment he saw him.

He was now the picture of hard luck, and the boy, suspecting the reason, felt sorry for him.

Business was slack and Fred was aiming for a lunch counter when he met the man face to face.

His name was John Prince, and he was looking wistfully at the Curb brokers who were trying to scare a little excitement out of a recent development in a well-known copper stock but with indifferent success.

"How do you do, Mr. Prince," said Fred, cordially. "Haven't seen you in our office for quite awhile."

The man seemed surprised on being addressed, and it was a moment or two before he recognized Fred.

"Oh, you are Broker Davis's messenger," he said, with a weak kind of smile.

"Yes, sir. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"I've been in the hospital with a fever that nearly carried me off. I almost wish it had. I almost wish it had," he repeated plaintively.

"Why do you say that?" asked the boy in some surprise.

"Because I've been a fool, and worse. I borrowed all the savings of my little girl," he said, with a dry sob, "to try and save myself when I was pinched by the slump in A. & B., and it all went in vain, and now my girl has lost her position and we are both penniless, and I don't know where we are going to fetch up at."

"That's too bad, Mr. Prince. If there is any way that I can help you——"

"No, no; you can't help me. It's kind of you to offer to do it, but you couldn't do anything."

"You don't know but I could," replied Fred, cheerfully. "Come and lunch with me, and maybe after we talk the matter over——"

"It wouldn't be right for me to lunch at your expense. You need the money. It's generous of you, a messenger boy, to invite me, but——"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Fred, seizing him by the arm. "Come on. I've got more money than you think. I made a haul out of L. & M. a month ago, and have been feeling unusually flush ever since. Come on and eat."

Mr. Prince reluctantly accompanied him to a quick lunch-house and took a stool beside the boy.

"What will you have, Mr. Prince? Don't be bashful about ordering. I'm going to have a beef stew myself."

"I'll have the same," said the man, with a hungry look which Fred noticed.

"Two beef stews," ordered the young messenger, and they were brought.

The shabby ex-speculator ate like a starved man and soon cleaned up his plate.

Fred ordered a second stew for his companion.

"No, no," said the man. "I don't want——"

"Yes, you do," replied the boy. "I've ordered it and it will be wasted unless you eat it up."

Thus pressed, Mr. Prince ate the second stew with great relish.

"We'll have a little desert now with coffee," said Fred.

"Will you have rice or tapioca pudding, or do you prefer pie? Take your choice."

Mr. Prince said he'd take rice pudding and he got it, with the coffee.

As his companion was so hungry Fred postponed further conversation until the meal was over.

When they left the lunch counter the shabby man was full of gratitude to the young messenger.

It didn't seem as if he could thank the boy enough, but Fred cut him short.

"That's all right, Mr. Prince. You're more than welcome to the lunch. Now I hope you'll let me know how I can serve you further. You say your daughter is out of work. Maybe I can get her something to do."

"If you only would," said Mr. Prince, eagerly.

"What's her line of business?"

"Stenographer and typewriter."

"Give me her name and your address."

"Eva Prince, but I'm not sure about our address."

"How is that?"

"The agent threatened us with a dispossession to-morrow if I failed to pay the month's rent. This I cannot do, so I don't know that we will be able to stay."

"That's too bad. Well, give me your address anyway."

"No. —— East 124th Street."

"How much rent do you pay?"

"Nineteen dollars."

"How long have you lived there?"

"Six months. We lived much nicer before I lost all my money in the market."

"How are you off for spare change?"

"I gave my daughter the last quarter I had this morning to provide something for the house. I walked downtown."

"Twenty-five cents won't go far at the present cost of the necessities of life. What will you do to-morrow if that was your last quarter?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Prince, hopelessly.

"Then you must accept a loan from me to tide you over. Here's \$5. Take it and put it to good use."

"No, no; I could not accept a loan which I see no chance of repaying."

"Nonsense! Didn't I tell you I was flush? I'm not going to let you and your daughter want for something to eat while I have more than I need. You must take it, and when your daughter gets work she can pay it a little at a time."

Mr. Prince accepted it with manifest reluctance, and poured out his thanks.

"Now, Mr. Prince, I think I can get your daughter on at a public stenographer's in our building. I heard that one of the girls was going to leave to get married. I'll look into the matter right away, and if I'm successful, I'll let you know late this afternoon at your home. Good-by for the present."

Fred shook hands with Mr. Davis's old customer and left him on the sidewalk.

CHAPTER XI.

EVA PRINCE.

Fred did not get out of the elevator at the fourth floor where his office was, but kept on to the tenth.

He went directly to the public stenographer's office and asked for Miss Gray.

He had done Miss Gray several favors, and they were excellent friends.

This was the time when he expected the lady, who was a spinster of thirty-five, to reciprocate, and he believed she would.

Miss Gray came into the small reception-room and smiled pleasantly at Fred.

"I want you to do me a favor, Miss Gray," said the young messenger.

"I'll be glad to do it if I can," she replied. "What is it?"

"You told me one of your girls was going to leave this week."

The lady nodded.

"I have a young lady friend I would like you to take on if after a trial she should prove satisfactory," said Fred, coming directly to the point.

"Send her down, and if I can use her I'll be glad to give her steady work on your recommendation," replied Miss Gray, handing the boy one of her cards.

"Thank you," replied Fred. "She needs a position badly. Whatever you do for her will be the same as if you did it for me."

Fred bowed, wished the public stenographer good-by and made his way back to his office.

After office hours he took a Third Avenue train uptown and got off at 125th Street.

He made his way to No. — East 124th Street, the address given him by Mr. Prince, and saw the name pasted on the glass of the letter-box belonging to one of the top flats.

He pushed the button and presently the door clicked.

That was an invitation to walk in, and he ascended the stairs to the top floor landing.

He found Mr. Prince looking down over the railing.

"How do you do, Mr. Prince," said Fred.

"Oh, it's you, young man. Come right up," said the broken down speculator.

He grasped Fred by the hand and wrung it cordially, and then led the boy into a small, neatly-furnished parlor overlooking the street.

"It's kind of you to visit us, Greene," he said, with some emotion. "My daughter is very grateful to you for the interest you take in trying to get her a position. I'll bring her in and introduce you to her."

He retired from the room and shortly returned, saying that Eva would be in presently.

"That \$5 you loaned me was really a godsend to us, for we had scarcely anything in the house. We are both very grateful to you for your generosity," he added.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Prince. I called to say that I've got an opening for your daughter at a public stenographer's office in our building. If she makes good she'll be kept on steady."

"I'm very glad to hear that. We really depend on her getting employment."

"Here is Miss Gray's card, with my name on the back. Let her present that any time to-morrow and she'll be given a trial," said Fred, handing the card to Mr. Prince.

"Thank you, Greene. I sha'n't forget your kindness."

Miss Eva now entered the room.

She was a pretty blue-eyed girl, with golden hair, and Fred was greatly attracted by her appearance and ladylike ways.

Mr. Prince introduced Fred to his daughter, and the girl proceeded to thank the young messenger for his kindness to her father and his promise to try and get her something to do.

"He's got you a chance already, Eva," said her father, handing her the card.

"Call on Miss Gray to-morrow, Miss Prince, and she will put you to work," said Fred. "Miss Gray is a particular friend of mine and she told me that she will give you steady employment if you can do the work."

"Thank you. I think I will be able to satisfy her as I am proficient in my work."

"I hope you will, for I want to see you get on. I will do all in my power to help you, you can depend on that."

Eva bowed and flashed a grateful look in Fred's face.

After talking a while with them Fred brought up the subject of the landlord.

"I'll try and stand the agent off," said the impoverished speculator.

"You may have trouble in doing so, Mr. Prince, so I will lend you \$20 to settle with him. There is no hurry for you to pay me back. Any time will do, and in any shape convenient to you," said Fred.

Father and daughter protested that such a loan was too much for them to accept, but the boy laughed them out of their objections, and induced them to accept the money.

Eva said she would save the money out of her wages and repay it as soon as she could.

"You needn't be in a rush about it, Miss Prince, for I don't need the money," replied Fred, with an encouraging smile.

"I'm sure I don't know what we should have done but for your generous assistance," said Eva, earnestly.

"I assure you that I'm very glad to help you out of your difficulties."

"We shall be grateful to you as long as we live," she replied.

"Just consider me your friend and let it go at that," answered Fred, lightly.

"You have certainly proved yourself a friend."

"I believe in doing the right thing when the chance offers. Well, I must be going home. Call on Miss Gray in the morning, and I'll drop up some time during the day and see how you are getting on."

He took up his hat, and father and daughter accompanied him to the head of the stairs, where they said good-by.

"Miss Prince is a nice girl," thought Fred, as he walked downstairs. "I hope she'll catch on with Miss Gray, for the position is a good one."

Next morning about ten Eva Prince made her appearance at Miss Gray's office, presented the card and introduced herself.

As Miss Gray had a lot of extra work just come in she was very glad that the girl had turned up so promptly.

She had a vacant machine that Eva was familiar with and she put the newcomer to work at it.

Eva soon showed that she was an expert typist, and Miss Gray was well pleased with her debut.

At lunch hour she called Eva into her private room and told her she would do.

"I promised you \$10 a week, but I'll make it \$12. You can consider your position a steady one. It is quite possible that you will get more wages after you have been here a while, for I shall be glad to advance you, both on your own account and Fred Greene's, who has been good to me in various ways. You may go to your lunch now. The girls are allowed three-quarters of an hour for lunch between twelve and half-past one."

Fred came up after he was through work and Miss Gray told him that Eva Prince had shown herself to be fully competent, and she was perfectly satisfied with the showing she had made.

The boy was glad to hear it and said he would return at five to see the girl.

He spent the intervening time at the Battery, and got back to the building as Miss Gray's help were starting for home.

Eva recognized Fred with a smile, and confirmed all that Miss Gray had previously said.

"I'll see you as far as Hanover Square station, if you don't mind," he said, and she smilingly assented to his company.

When they reached the station he remarked that he might as well go uptown on the same train with her if she didn't object to his company.

"The idea! Just as if I would object!" she exclaimed with a bewitching look that quite captivated the young messenger.

They became very friendly on the train, and when they reached 125th Street station Fred saw her to her door and then bade her good afternoon.

After that Fred often saw Eva home of an afternoon, and the more he saw of the girl the better he liked her.

On her part she thought Fred the nicest and best boy she had ever met, and it is small wonder if he soon came to occupy a large share of her thoughts.

He refused to allow her to repay the loan of \$25 he had made her father until they got on their feet once more, and this added generosity on his part served to increase her liking for him.

Both she and her father agreed that he was one boy in a thousand, and they blessed the day they made his acquaintance.

CHAPTER XII.

FRED BEGINS TO GET RICH.

One morning when Fred reached his office he found an official from one of the United States courts waiting to see him.

"Are you Fred Greene?" asked the man.

"That's my name."

"Well, here is a subpoena for you. You've got to appear at the ——— Court as a witness against the counterfeiters of Chub Island."

"All right," replied Fred. "I'll show this to the boss and he'll let me go at the proper time."

The man nodded and walked away.

The subpoena called for his presence in court two days later, and Mr. Davis told him he could go off.

He was the principal witness at the trial, and on his evidence, as well as that of the constable and members of his posse, of L—— village, who found the machinery and other articles used in the illicit business, the counterfeiters were convicted.

A few days later they received a heavy sentence.

Later on Fred received an official letter from Washington complimenting him on the part he had played in the affair, and containing a check for \$2,500, or half the reward paid in the case by the Government.

A few days later Fred, during his morning visit to the Exchange, learned that a big broker by the name of Stevenson was buying N. & O. shares whenever they were offered.

He watched the broker after that when he was sent to the board room and found that he was still buying N. & O. and nothing else.

That fact struck him as very significant.

He also noticed that the stock had gone up from 71 to 75 3-4 within a few days.

"I'll bet Mr. Stevenson is buying for a syndicate that is trying to corner N. & O. I guess I'll buy some and see how I'll come out," he thought.

So that afternoon he invested in 1,000 shares of the stock at 76.

N. & O. seldom sold below the 80s, and Fred knew it.

He judged it had been depressed for speculative purposes, and that confirmed his impression that a syndicate was going to boom it.

Old and experienced brokers also began to notice the same fact about that time and they started in buying every share they could get.

Thousands of shares changed hands, and under this impetus the price went up to 80 right away.

The whole market grew bullish in consequence, and business in the brokers' offices started to boom in a very satisfactory way.

Lambs who had been bitten in L. & M. and other booms, and new lambs who were making their first venture in the Wall Street game of chance, filled the streets of the financial district and hung around the tickers of the different offices.

Mr. Davis, being well and favorably known to the speculating public, had his share of custom, and Fred was kept hustling all during business hours.

For a day or two N. & O. fluctuated up and down, without advancing any higher, and the market grew uncertain again.

On the fourth day after Fred made his investment the price began to advance again, and the young messenger felt so sure of the coming boom that he bought another 1,000 shares of N. & O. at 81.

He was glad that he did when he saw the price jump to 88 by three o'clock.

Next day at two o'clock it was going at 96 and a fraction and Fred, having the chance to go to the little bank, ordered his shares sold.

He figured out that on this deal he had made \$20,000 profit on his first purchase and \$15,000 on his second.

Later on when he got his statement his estimate proved correct in the main.

When he had collected his money he noted, with satisfaction, that he was now worth \$62,000.

"If I keep on I'll soon be worth \$100,000," he told himself; "then with a little more experience I'll be able to start out as a broker on my own account. I wonder what Mr. Davis would say if he knew I was so flush, and had made every dollar of my pile out of the market?"

On that day N. & O. ceased to boom after going up to 99, and gradually settled back to 89, without adding any more wrecks to Wall Street.

The members of the syndicate made big money which other people lost, of course, but the loss on any one person was not heavy, though some small speculators were closely nipped.

Within a couple of weeks another boom started, this time in Erie, and Fred bought 5,000 shares at a clip at 38.

He hadn't a great deal of confidence in the stock going very high, as it never had from past records.

He believed, however, it would be safe to hold on for 45 in the present excitement.

He knew that Mr. Davis was heavily interested in Erie just now, and thought he might pick up a tip around the office as to the right time to get out.

When Erie was between 44 and 45 he was doing something in the private room when somebody called his employer up on the 'phone.

The few words he heard Mr. Davis say were not very enlightening until he said, "All right. I'll get out from under right away. Thanks for the tip," and hung up the receiver.

Then the broker put on his hat and hurried out.

"I'll bet he's going to unload his Erie," muttered Fred. "I wish I could get out and I'd do the same."

A few minutes later the cashier called him and told him to carry a note to the Exchange.

He rushed over with it and saw Mr. Davis at the Erie standard.

That settled the matter with Fred, and on his way back he ran up to the little bank and ordered his own 5,000 Erie sold.

The stock had already begun to fall, but he got out at a profit of \$28,000 and he counted himself as extremely lucky, as Erie went to 39 that afternoon.

He was now worth \$90,000 and he felt like a little money mogul.

That evening he took Eva Prince to one of the Broadway theaters to see a popular play and he confided to her, as a strict secret, the extent of his financial standing.

She was greatly astonished at his wealth, and could hardly be convinced that he wasn't jollying her until he told her all about his various deals and how he had by degrees acquired the money.

"You're a rich boy," she said. "It's a wonder you care to associate with a poor stenographer like me."

"That so?" replied Fred. "Well, I like you better than any one else in the world, and so as long as you care to go with me I'll stick to you. Besides, I might lose all my

money, like your father lost his in the market, and then I'd be as poor as you are. I hope to hold on to it, however, as I have a better chance than your father ever had, because I get hold of information that a lamb hardly ever gets next to."

"It's very good of you to treat me so nice," she said, with a shy look.

"I can't help treating you nice because you're a nice girl, and I think the world of you."

Eva blushed and felt pleased.

"I haven't any one to care for but my uncle and aunt, who are very good to me, and you, if you'll let me. I liked you from the first, and I like you better and better the more I see of you. I think you like me or you would not accept my society. Do you?"

"Very much indeed," she admitted. "Why shouldn't I when you have done so much for father and me?"

"I'm glad you do, and I'm going to give you just as good a time as I can."

He said many other things to her which we have not the space to repeat, and somehow Eva never had felt so happy in her life, nor Fred either, for that matter.

Summer came on and business grew dull in the Street.

Fred took Eva around to all the summer resorts every Saturday afternoon, and often of an evening.

Mr. Prince had secured a position in a wholesale house and was doing very well.

He took Fred's advice and gave up further thoughts of getting out of Wall Street the money he had sunk there.

When business began to pick up again Fred and Eva had come to a private understanding that some day in the misty future they were to be married.

They were both very much in love, and that fact was clear to most everybody except Mr. Prince, who saw them together.

Eva's father never suspected how things stood, and his charming daughter did not care to enlighten him yet.

About the middle of September a boom started in C. & W., and there were great times on the Exchange.

It was a gilt-edge stock that never sold below 110, and generally far above that.

When Fred saw it down to 112 he bought 5,000 shares without any suspicion that it was going to boom soon.

He believed it was a safe investment, and felt that by holding on to it the price would in the course of time advance to its normal value of 125 or thereabouts.

At any rate, he calculated on making \$50,000 out of it if luck ran his way.

After holding the shares a week Fred noticed its price advancing little by little in a quiet way.

This kept on for a day or two till it was quoted at 115, and then one morning it began to boom like a house afire.

The Exchange went crazy over it, and by two o'clock it was going at 125.

"Looks as if it will go to 130 easily enough," he thought. "I guess I'll hold on."

He did, and it closed that day at 128.

Next morning it opened at 129 and went with a rush to 132, at which point Fred let his shares go, the opportunity to get to the little bank being accidentally afforded him.

When he got back to the office he figured up his profits at about \$100,000.

"Gee! I'm worth nearly \$200,000 now. I guess it's time I quit running errands for people. Mr. Davis is a good boss, but I'd rather work for myself, then I wouldn't have to wear down so much shoe leather for a measly \$10 a week."

So when Fred went home that day he thought very seriously of leaving Mr. Davis and taking a small office on his own account.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRED STARTS OUT FOR HIMSELF.

Some weeks passed, however, before Fred made any move in the matter of embarking in business on his own account.

He felt that he was too young yet to inspire enough confidence in the speculating public to secure customers; and unless he could secure customers there was no use in hanging out his shingle as a broker.

He figured that having all his time at his own disposal he could watch any deal he went into much better than if he was engaged running errands for Mr. Davis.

He had found the broker an easy boss, and for that reason he hesitated parting from him, but the temptation of having his own office was a very enticing one.

Besides the fact that he was worth close on to \$200,000 made him feel that the time he put in as a messenger at ten per was as good as wasted.

One day while out on an errand, he found an office for rent that just suited his fancy, and knowing how hard it was to get offices in the financial district, he decided to take it right off the reel and give his employer notice of his intentions.

As the agent of the building would not rent him the room unless he furnished satisfactory reference, he gave Mr. Stokes, whose office was in the next street.

The agent called on Stokes and that gentleman was surprised to learn that Fred wanted an office.

However, he spoke in his favor and assured the agent that the boy had plenty of money at his disposal.

The result was Fred got the office and then he notified Mr. Davis that he was going to leave him.

The broker was surprised at the news, and asked his reason.

"My reason is that I can't afford to work for wages any more, sir," replied Fred.

"You mean for the wages I pay you, Fred?"

"No, sir; I mean for any wages. I'm worth more than \$100,000, and I can use my energies to much better advantage."

"Then you've unexpectedly fallen heir to a fortune?" said the broker.

"No, sir; whatever money I have I've made in the stock market while working for you."

Mr. Davis was amazed by this answer.

"I don't quite understand how you could have made a lot of money out of the market while working for me. How could you do it?"

Fred frankly gave him an outline of how he did it.

"Upon my word, you're a most extraordinary boy. So you've made all that money while acting as my messenger?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't see how you did it, but I suppose I'll have to take your word for it. I presume you propose to continue your speculations after you leave me?"

"That is my purpose at present."

The broker shook his head disapprovingly.

"I'm afraid you'll see your finish, young man," he said.

"Maybe I will, and maybe I won't. I'm going to take the risk."

"All right. You are the doctor. When do you wish to go?"

"As soon as you are suited with another messenger."

"Very well. I'll see about getting one. I'm sorry to lose you, though. I have always considered you one of the best in the Street, and counted myself lucky in having you."

"I have always considered you one of the best employers in the Street, and for that reason I have hesitated about cutting loose from this office. However, I have now decided on my future, and so I hope we'll part good friends."

"Most assuredly we will."

Ten days afterward Fred was installed as his own boss in his own office, with his name on the door, but no line of business displayed under it.

The office was fitted up with all the necessary furnishings he believed he would need, including a ticker and a telephone.

A Japanese screen made a kind of private nook of the corner where his desk stood, so that any one entering could not see him from the door.

He invited his aunt and Mrs. Stokes to pay him a visit, and they did so on different days.

As for Eva, she had a general invitation to drop in any time she could do so.

All three congratulated him on being out for himself, and agreed that he had a very nice little office in which to conduct his operations.

Mr. Stokes also had a standing invitation to call, and one afternoon he availed himself of it.

"So you've established yourself as a full-fledged operator," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Expect to make a million, I suppose, in the course of time?" smiled the insurance manager.

"A million is a lot of money. I don't expect to fly as high as that for many a year yet," laughed Fred.

"Judging from the rate you've accumulated what you have, it oughtn't to take you so very long to make a million. You're one of the fortunate ones, and as long as your luck holds I dare say you'll get ahead fast."

"I hope so."

"By the way, a friend of mine has promised to put me on to a good thing in the market line. When I hear from him I'll tip you off so that you can participate. I owe you a good turn for the favors you've shown Mrs. Stokes."

"Thank you, sir; you're very kind. I will endeavor to avail myself of your pointer. I never turn down a good thing when it comes my way."

The conversation changed to other topics, and shortly after Mr. Stokes took his departure.

It was about this time that Fred got an unpleasant surprise.

Not having heard anything about Burdick and Cardiff for so many months, he had come to the conclusion that he had seen the last of them.

They were "wanted" both by the New York police and by the Government, and the boy figured that they wouldn't dare to return to Manhattan for a long time if ever.

That was where he failed to appreciate the daring of the two rascals.

They had gone out West, it is true, but after remaining there seven or eight months they ventured back to New York.

They still had it in for the young messenger, and they could not be satisfied until they had evened things up with him somehow.

Burdick soon learned that Fred had left Broker Davis's employ, and he wondered where the boy had gone.

By hanging around Wall Street he saw Fred one morning and traced him to his office in the Flannigan Building.

He judged that Fred had gone into some business on the money he had got from the Government, so he and Cardiff began to lay their plans looking to getting some of the boy's capital away from him.

Burdick took Cardiff one morning to the Flannigan Building to show him where Fred had his office.

The boy, it happened, had just stepped into the washroom.

He was about to return to his room when he caught a glimpse of the two rascals in front of his door.

He knew them in spite of their disguise, and their presence in the building, evidently looking for him, was a decided surprise to the boy.

Fred drew back into the washroom to wait till the men had gone away.

The rascals, after standing a few moments near his door, came toward the washroom and stopped outside the door.

There they went over a plan to surprise Fred that afternoon.

He easily overheard all they said, for they stood within a yard of where he was secreted behind the door.

"He'll probably be in at three o'clock," said Burdick. "At any rate, we'll come here at that hour. I'll go in first and get the drop on him, and then you can follow. He no doubt keeps his money in that safe we saw through the keyhole. We'll make him open it up at the point of the revolver, and while I hold him helpless you can go through it. If there's enough of value in it to pay us, we'll tap him on the block, just to put him to sleep, and light out. That will square our account with him, and we won't bother him any more."

The plan suggested by Burdick suited Cardiff all right and he said so.

It also suited Fred, for he intended to work a surprise on the two rascals.

He proposed to have a couple of policemen on hand to nab them.

It was high time, he thought, that they were put away for a number of years where they couldn't work any more mischief.

After arranging their little scheme, Burdick and his companion left the building, and Fred returned to his office.

The first thing he did was to telephone the nearest police station.

He told the officer at the end of the wire that the chance would come that afternoon to capture the two missing counterfeiters.

He requested that a couple of policemen be sent to his office not later than quarter past two, then he put on his hat and went to the gallery of the Exchange.

He remained at the Exchange until one, then went to lunch, and got back to his office at about two.

Ten minutes later two officers arrived.

Fred told them that the men were to come at three.

"I'm going to hide one of you behind that screen, near my desk, to capture Burdick when he comes in here and begins to bulldoze me."

Fred looked at the biggest policeman as he spoke, evidently meaning that he was the man to remain.

"Your companion will hide in the washroom and capture Cardiff, who is going to remain in the corridor until he gets a signal to enter this office. I don't know of any better plan for nailing the rascals."

The policemen agreed to follow Fred's suggestion, so at about twenty minutes of three the young operator showed one of the officers where the washroom was and the policeman took up his post in there, prepared to watch and wait.

Fred then arranged the screen about a chair and the other officer got out of sight.

The trap was now ready, and Fred, seated at his desk, awaited Burdick.

CHAPTER XIV.

TURNING THE TABLES ON BURDICK AND HIS PAL.

Promptly at three o'clock there came a knock at the door.

"Walk in," said Fred.

Burdick entered the room and advanced to where the boy sat.

"I suppose you don't recognize me," said the rascal, with a malevolent grin, which was partly lost in his whiskers.

"Your face has a familiar look to me," replied Fred. "Take a seat and let me know what I can do for you."

"You seem to be in business for yourself," replied Burdick, not attempting to seat himself. "What are you trying to do? Play broker?" he added, sarcastically.

"What's your business with me?" asked Fred, tartly.

"My business is to settle a long standing debt you owe me," answered Burdick. "If you've got funds enough in your safe, the matter can be easily arranged."

"In other words, you came here to try and rob me, Mr. Burdick," said the boy.

"Ah! I see you have penetrated my disguise. That saves me the trouble of introducing myself. Yes, I have come here to touch you for whatever coin you have in your safe, so I'll trouble you to open it at once."

"I don't propose to open my safe to oblige you. I have a few thousand dollars in it which I propose to keep out of your clutches. I suppose you haven't forgotten the fact

that you are wanted by the police. I've only to telephone the station and——"

"I don't think you'll telephone anybody," replied Burdick. "If you attempt to take the receiver off the hook there will be something doing quicker than lightning. Now just get up and open that safe. Understand?"

"You've got an awful nerve to come in here and give orders, Burdick, when you're liable to be pulled in at any moment by the first policeman you meet."

"Don't you worry about me being pulled in. I can look out for myself. Get up and open that safe."

"Not on your life I won't."

"Now, young man, we'll see whether you'll do as I say or not," gritted Burdick, drawing a revolver.

As he spoke the policeman concealed behind the screen sprang out.

"You're under arrest," he said.

Burdick gasped and dropped his weapon.

Fred stooped and picked it up as the officer laid his hand on the rascal's shoulder.

"I think the tables are turned, Mr. Burdick," said the young operator, with a sarcastic smile.

"This is more of your work," roared Burdick, glaring at the boy.

"I admit that it is. I was expecting you to-day and made preparations to receive you."

"You were expecting me?" ejaculated the surprised rascal.

"That's what I said. I knew you were going to do me the honor of a visit, so I thought I'd arrange to have you and your friend Cardiff outside taken care of."

"How in thunder did you know we were coming here?"

"I'm a sort of mind reader," laughed the young operator. "I often know in advance what's going to happen in Wall Street."

"I want to know how you found out about our coming."

"That is one of my business secrets that I'm not giving away," smiled Fred in a tantalizing way.

"I'll get square with you yet," hissed the rascal.

"You've been trying to do that ever since the theft of the lady's bag by your companion, Cardiff, but I don't see that you've succeeded very well."

At that moment there were sounds of a struggle in the corridor.

Presently the door was thrown open and the other officer marched the crestfallen Cardiff into the office.

The rascals eyed each other, and it was hard to say which looked the maddest of the two.

"Take them to the station, officers," said Fred. "I'll follow in a moment or two."

"You haven't seen the last of this," snarled Burdick.

"That's right," chuckled Fred; "I won't see the last of it till you're both tried, convicted and sentenced. That will be the finish."

The two rascals glared at him and then the policemen, who had already handcuffed them together, ordered them to march.

So they marched, and their appearance with the officers, created some excitement in the main entrance below and along the sidewalk on their way to the station.

Fred put on his hat, locked up and followed, reaching

the station while their pedigrees were being taken down in the book.

"You want to send them to the Tombs," he said to the officer at the desk. "I will charge them here with kidnapping, but the Government wants them for counterfeiting. I shall notify the Secret Service Bureau at once of their arrest, and it is likely they'll be claimed by Government detectives at the Tombs."

When Fred got back to his office his telephone bell rang.

"Hello, who is it?" he said, putting the receiver to his ear.

"Stokes. Is that you, Greene?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've been trying to get you on the wire at intervals since noon."

"I've been out most of the time since half-past ten. I came in at half-past two in order to catch a pair of rascals who had arranged to pay me a visit at three. I've just landed them at the police station."

"You seem to be up against rascals a good part of your time," replied Stokes. "Who were these particular individuals?"

"The chaps who kidnapped me and carried me off to Chub Island. One of them, you will remember, was the fellow who snatched the bag from your wife and I chased."

"They are the two that were not caught at the time the other four were captured?"

"That's right. They intended to clean me out this afternoon, but fortunately I found out their scheme in time to set a trap for them, and now they're in jail."

"Good. Good. They seem to have had poor luck with you," laughed the insurance man.

"That's what they have had. Now what is it you wanted to see me about?"

"Are you busy?"

"No."

"Come over to my office and I'll put you on to that pointer I told you about."

"All right. I'll be over in a few minutes."

Fred wrote a short letter which he put in an envelope, sealed and affixed a stamp to.

He dropped it in his pocket, put on his hat and left the office.

Fifteen minutes later he was ushered into Mr. Stokes's private room.

"Take a seat, Greene," said the insurance manager. "I got that tip several hours ago, and I thought I'd pass it on to you as soon as possible."

"Much obliged."

"It's inside information from the secretary of the D. & P. railroad. The road has bought out the B. & C. Short Line, but the news won't get out to the public for at least a week. That delay is to enable the people familiar with the deal to purchase all the shares of B. & C. that they can pick up at the low price it is going at. When the news of the consolidation is officially confirmed, it is expected that the stock will jump 20 points in value."

"I see," said Fred.

"I've given an order to a broker for as much of B. & C. as I can handle. Now I advise you to do the same. It's what you call a sure winner," said Mr. Stokes.

"I'll do it. I'm much obliged to you for putting me on to it."

"You're welcome."

It was too late for the young operator to do anything that afternoon, so he made his plans to commence business in the morning.

He determined to buy 10,000 shares to start with, and later on he thought he might buy 5,000 more if he could get them.

He wasn't sure, however, that his broker would be able to pick up that amount of shares, for he reasoned that the insiders were busy corraling all there was in sight, and naturally their efforts would make the shares scarce.

He didn't go near the little bank this time.

He visited Mr. Davis and gave him his order.

"Great Scott, Fred!" exclaimed the broker. "Are you putting up all your capital on this deal?"

"No, sir. I've got nearly \$100,000 left to fall back on."

"Well, you're doing things up brown for a boy operator. Is this a tip you're working on?"

"That's hardly a fair question, Mr. Davis. It might be, and it might not. I do not care to say whether it is or not."

"I beg your pardon for the slip. I had no business to ask you such a question. I'm much obliged to you for giving me the order."

"I think it's my duty to give it to you, sir, in preference to any one else. You always treated me well, and I want to show you that I appreciate it."

"Thank you for saying that. I always believe in treating my employees with consideration. I think it pays."

"I am sure it does. It is much better for a man to be liked by those he pays wages to than to incur their dislike by standing on their necks."

"I'll go right over to the Exchange and buy the shares for you," said Davis, putting on his hat. "I'll notify you as soon as I have made the purchase."

"All right, sir. If my door is locked tell your messenger to drop the note in through the letter slit."

Fred went to the Exchange himself, only he couldn't go on the floor so he went into the gallery.

From that elevated perch he saw Mr. Davis near the B. & C. standard making his purchases.

He didn't finish up till nearly one o'clock, when Fred went to lunch.

After eating he walked leisurely back to his office and found a note on the floor inside from Mr. Davis telling him that he had bought the 10,000 shares at the market price which was 56.

"I ought to win more than \$100,000 this trip, that will make me worth more than a quarter of a million. Gee! Nothing like getting rich fast while you're about it. It isn't so many moons ago that I was tickled to death to make \$1,000 on a deal. How things have changed inside of two years! This is a mighty big deal for a boy of my age to swing. Suppose a screw were to work loose in that tip, where would my \$100,000 deposit land? After this I think I'll keep my hands off any large marginal deal. It's too risky altogether."

Fred picked up the late copy of a Wall Street daily that had been left while he was out and began reading the news of the Street.

He thoroughly enjoyed the new sensation of being his own boss and at liberty to use his own time as he thought fit.

It was a whole lot more satisfactory than being obliged to chase around among the offices with notes to this broker and that one.

In fact, his new sphere of existence was one of luxury and ease compared with the strenuous life he had led as a messenger for so many years.

CHAPTER XV.

TIPPED OFF BY TELEGRAPH.

Fred went to the gallery of the Exchange every day now, and when he wasn't there he was at Broker Davis's place looking at the tape.

He didn't put on any airs because he was his own boss and had money.

He had a friendly word for all his old friends the messengers.

They all knew that he was up in the world, and they couldn't help envying him his good luck.

But as he had always been popular with them, they did not feel sore because he was getting on better than themselves.

None of the messengers, however, had the least idea that he was worth a lot of money.

Their wildest guess would not have placed his financial standing above \$10,000.

The employees of Davis, while they didn't know how much Fred was actually worth, knew he must have a bunch of money, for the cashier hinted that Fred was long on a big bunch of a certain stock, the name of which he wouldn't give away.

Accordingly, they took their hats off, metaphorically speaking, to him now whenever he came into the office or they met him on the outside.

In a couple of days B. & C. began to advance.

It went to 60 at the close of the second day's business, which meant a prospective profit of nearly \$40,000 to the young speculator.

He called on the Stokeses and learned that Mrs. Stokes was in on the stock to the extent of her pile as he had expected.

"How many shares did you get, Fred?" she asked him.

"Ten thousand."

"My goodness, you'll make a barrel of money this time, won't you?"

"I hope so; but you know nothing is certain in Wall Street, even when you're backed by a sure tip. Influences sometimes get to working under the surface that upset the best laid schemes of the speculators, and then there's trouble."

The lady looked serious.

"You don't think there's any danger in this deal, do you?" she said, anxiously. "My husband said that he had his pointer straight from headquarters, and he was assured he could put absolute dependence on it."

"I'm not questioning the value of his tip, Mrs. Stokes. I am sure it is all right; but I merely remarked that one

can't tell what snags may turn up to turn a good thing into a losing proposition. If I didn't have great confidence in the pointer, I wouldn't have risked \$100,000 on it. If a screw worked loose I might lose every cent of that money, as others have done before me."

"I must tell my husband what you said."

"Do so, and tell him to keep a close watch on the stock, or try to keep in communication with his friend the secretary. I should if I were in his shoes. I am keeping as close watch on the situation as I can, but lots of things are liable to happen in connection with this deal that I'd never hear of till it was too late to make use of the information."

"I shall insist that the moment he has any doubts about the success of the deal to let you know at once by the quickest means so you can act. I wouldn't have you lose a dollar through your confidence in my husband's tip. I'd sooner lose all my own money."

On the following day B. & C. rose to 62, and that attracted a lot of attention at the Exchange from the traders who were not wise to the situation.

Many of them began buying the stock, and many thousand shares exchanged hands that day.

Fred decided not to buy any more, no matter how good the outlook appeared to be.

If an unexpected and heavy slump set in, from some cause or other, he would need all his reserve capital to save himself.

On the following day a rumor got around about the consolidation of B. & C. with the D. & P., and there was a rush to buy both stocks.

How the information leaked out nobody on the inside could understand, but the report was strenuously denied by the officials of both roads.

Nevertheless, the price of both went up, B. & C. going to 68.

The newspapers repeated the rumor, but admitted that it lacked confirmation.

Unknown to those behind the projected boom, a powerful bear clique was formed to upset the calculations of the bulls at the moment of apparent success.

Some of the slickest traders in the Street were in this combine, and they laid their plans with great secrecy.

The only persons to whom Fred had confided the fact of his big deal were Mr. Prince and Eva.

The Princes were getting up a bit in the world now, for Eva's father had secured the position of cashier with a big brokerage firm, generally known as prominent in big bear raids.

Mr. Prince had learned with surprise that the boy to whom he owed so much was worth nearly \$200,000.

He had congratulated him on his success at such an early period of his life.

When he learned that Fred had plunged so heavily in B. & C. he shook his head, and advised him to be more than careful how long he held on.

He had his own unfortunate experience as a warning before his eyes, and he did not want to see Fred, whom he greatly liked, go the same road he had gone.

Fred had laughed at his anxious solicitation, and told him that he was working the deal on the strength of a first-class tip.

Eva, however, showed anxiety for the first time when she understood how deeply he was in on B. & C.

She begged him to be careful and to get out before the market turned against him.

The excitement over the boom of B. & C. was tremendous in the Exchange.

The price went up to 72, and then the boom met its first snag.

The bear interest began to develop its strength, and several thousand shares that had been gathered in for the purpose were suddenly thrown on the market.

This brought the rise to a stop and the price broke to 71.

The bulls, however, rallied to the rescue, and a seeming panic was averted.

Fred was in the gallery at the time, but he did not feel the least bit alarmed, for such flurries were often seen in booms.

He figured that the shorts had combined to try and bring about a slump in order to get out of the squeeze.

When one o'clock came and B. & C. began rising again, he went to lunch satisfied things were coming his way.

Before going back to the Exchange he went to his office. In the elevator he heard two brokers talking about B. & C.

They both seemed to think it was looking serious.

"I wouldn't touch it now with a ten-foot pole," remarked one.

"Nor I. The next attack on it may bring it down like a house of cards."

"I believe that rumor of consolidation is a fake."

"Nothing surer, for it has not been confirmed."

Fred chuckled, for he expected the announcement of the consolidation to be made at any moment.

Hardly had he entered his office when an A. D. T. boy appeared with a telegram for him.

Wondering what the purpose of the message was, he tore the envelope open.

Before reading it he glanced at the name of the sender. It was John Prince.

The message ran as follows:

"Sell your stock quicker than Jersey lightning. A powerful bear movement is about to jump on it with both feet. Don't delay or you are lost. I got the information from my office and it's positive. There will be a panic before two.

"JOHN PRINCE."

Fred was staggered.

He knew that Mr. Prince must have some powerful reason for sending him that telegraphic tip, and he knew Eva's father was in a position where it was possible for him to learn some of the bear plans.

He glanced at the clock.

It wanted twenty minutes of two.

"By George! Half a loaf is better than no bread. I'll sell out and be on the safe side, for I can't afford being caught in a panic."

He slammed on his hat, and after a hurried glance at the ticker, rushed out and hastened up to Mr. Davis's office, half a block away.

"Is Mr. Davis at the Exchange?" he asked the cashier.

"Yes."

"Well, I want my stock sold at once."

"All right, Greene. I'll attend to it."

"Give me the order and I'll sign it and take it over to Mr. Davis."

The order was made out, Fred signed it and then made a beeline for the messengers' entrance of the Exchange.

Rushing in, he told an attendant to bring Mr. Davis to the rail.

The broker was reached and brought up.

"Hello, Greene," said the trader, "what can I do for you?"

"Read that and act on it quick."

Davis glanced at the order, nodded and rushed away.

A moment later he was offering Fred's 10,000 shares in small lots.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHAKING UP THE WALL STREET BEARS.

As soon as he had given in his order to Mr. Davis, Fred made a rush for Mr. Stokes' office and found that gentleman just going out.

"Read that message I got a quarter of an hour ago. It's a danger signal. I've sold out, and I advise you to lose no time in doing the same," he said to the insurance man.

Mr. Stokes seemed greatly taken aback.

He went to the telephone and opened up communication with the office of the secretary of the B. & C. road.

The secretary was not in.

"Well, come over to my broker's with me," Stokes said to Fred.

When they reached the trader's office they found an excited crowd around the ticker.

They soon learned that there was a slump in B. & C., and that the Exchange was in a panic.

In great excitement Mr. Stokes told the cashier to sell his stock.

Fred ran back to the Exchange gallery and stayed there till three o'clock when B. & C. closed at 60, a fall of over eleven points in the hour.

The bears were triumphant.

They expected to complete their victory on the morrow.

Fred dropped in at Mr. Davis's office and learned that his shares had been disposed of just before the slump and that his profit amounted to \$150,000.

"That telegram saved my bacon," he said to the broker, showing him Mr. Prince's message which had reached him not a moment too soon.

"You're a mighty lucky boy," replied Mr. Davis. "Thousands of speculators have been caught this afternoon. You are one of the few who escaped."

"That telegram has raised my capital to \$340,000. Mr. Prince is a brick."

Fred waited for Eva that afternoon, and as soon as she came out he told her how her father's telegram had saved him on the brink of a slump.

"I'm so glad," she cried, joyfully. "Father will feel that he has squared his obligation to you at last."

"He has more than squared it, for he has put \$150,000 in my pocket."

The evening papers were full of the news of the success of the bears that day.

One paper, however, printed an official announcement of the consolidation of the B. & C. with the D. & P., and said that on the strength of that the slump would surely be broken in the morning.

The morning papers were also full of the bear success, but prognosticated their defeat that day, owing to the fact that all the journals had received from the secretary of the D. & P. road an official statement of the consolidation.

The official statement carried a sudden panic among the bears, and the clique began buying at the opening of the Exchange in order to cover their big sales of the previous afternoon.

Fred jumped in with others and bought B. & C. stock to the extent of 20,000 shares.

The price rushed upward to 70 in no time at all, and the bear clique was badly caught by the reaction.

Fred then ordered his shares sold in small lots, and secured an additional profit of \$125,000, making him worth \$465,000.

The bears were badly shaken up, and Fred had the satisfaction of knowing he had helped the good work along.

After that Fred confined his operations to smaller deals and, as a rule, bought his stock outright and thus avoided the perils of marginal speculation.

Two years later, when he led Eva Prince to the altar, he was worth close on to a million, and was beginning to do a regular brokerage business on conservative lines.

Though he went into many big deals in the course of his subsequent career, he never forget his narrow escape in B. & C. when he was saved by being Tipped Off By Telegraph.

THE END.

Read "THE BOY BUILDER; OR, THE RISE OF A YOUNG MASON," which will be the next number (195) of "Fame and Fortune Weekly."

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Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1909.

Terms to Subscribers.

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	.65 "
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GOOD STORIES.

In many towns in Germany, before a girl can begin to take piano lessons, she must call at all the houses around where her playing would be heard and get the consent of the owners. Even then she must not practice above one hour a day, and the piano must be placed in a room where it will make the least noise.

The recent high water in the Big Sioux river is subsiding, and gradually the water is leaving the bottom land along the river. Fishermen are taking advantage of the receding waters. William Fairbanks, a Sioux Falls man, a day or two ago landed a four-and-a-half-pound black bass. The receding water is leaving thousands of fish in holes, where they are easily captured. In some instances fishermen capture large numbers of them with their hands.

The burial of the Primate of Rumania in the Cathedral of Bucharest the other day was a grewsomely picturesque ceremony. After death the body was fully robed, and with mitre on head, crozier at side, and book of the gospels on knee, sat in state for three days, while thousands came to kiss the cold hand. In the same position it was carried through miles of crowded streets, and was then set down before the altar in the cathedral after the funeral ceremony. In the same position and without coffin the body was afterward lowered into the tomb, amid the singing of anthems and the tolling of bells.

Apis zonata, or the large Philippine bee, builds on the outside of the tree instead of the inside, as other bees do, usually on the under side of a slanting tree or branch. They are not migratory as the Borneo and Indian bees are, nor do they always select high trees to avoid honey bears as their Borneo cousins have to do. They frequently store several pounds of good honey, yet they are greater wax producers. They are exceedingly vicious when disturbed, often following their disturbers several minutes. This bee is probably the largest and also the strongest of the entire honey bee family. Its wing power is about double that of the Italian bee, while it lives several times as long, and a sting or two from it will cause a person to see stars in broad daylight. Their combs sometimes attain four or five feet in diameter and are entirely covered with a thick mass of bees arranged as the shingles are on the roof of a house, their wings pointing downward. This bee is a true Filipino, that is, it sleeps during the hottest part of the day and also on dark nights, though it works very diligently during the early morning and the evening hours, while on

moonlight nights it frequently works all night. It is doubtless the only honey bee that is partially nocturnal.

Mrs. Stanislaus Komineski, of 2837 Salmon street, Philadelphia, is angry with her brother George for swallowing her choicest tableware. The doctors at the Episcopal Hospital expect to return to her two forks and a spoon as a result of an operation they are to perform to-morrow, but she is not satisfied. She insists on recovering an egg beater which she declares her brother swallowed two weeks ago. George says he can't remember the egg beater, but admits that it might have slipped down his throat while his thoughts were on something else. George's last name is Wojcechowski. He has been living for several years with his sister, Mrs. Komineski. Ten days ago she gave a fork to her brother while he was beating an omelet for supper. When she asked him what he had done with it he denied all knowledge of its existence. Later Mrs. Komineski missed another fork and the following day a spoon. Then an eggbeater which had been standing in the sink disappeared. Her brother George was the only person in the room at the time and she accused him bitterly. To prove his innocence George turned his pockets inside out, and when nothing was to be found Mrs. Komineski exclaimed, "You must have swallowed them!" To her surprise George smiled and said: "How did you guess it?" and with that confessed to everything but the eggbeater. Forthwith she marched George to the Episcopal Hospital, where the X-ray revealed all.

JOKES AND JESTS.

She—I heard you singing in your room this morning. He—Oh, I sing a little to kill time. She—You have a good weapon.

Mike (as some one knocks)—Sure! if Oi don't answer, ut's some wan t' give me a job, an' if Oi do, ut's the lan'lord aafter the rint.

Gyer—There goes a man who certainly loves his country. Myer—Why do you think so? Gyer—He has held a government job for thirty years.

"Is this Dr. Smith?" "Yes." "Well, this is Mrs. Jones. I wish you would come over as soon as convenient. My cuckoo clock has a little throat trouble."

"I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Bruiser. Do you know, I clip the newspaper accounts of all your fights." "You do? What do you do wit' 'em?" "Paste 'em in my scrap-book."

"Judgin' from the price ye charged me, neighbor, ye put three gallons uv m'lasses in a two-gallon jug. Naow I ain't b'grudgin' the money, but I don't cal-late ter hev the jug stretched."

"Doctor," said the convalescent, smiling weakly, "you may send in your bill any day now." "Tut! tut!" replied the M. D., silencing his patient with a wave of his hand. "You're not strong enough yet."

"Do you mean to say," began the tourist to the villager, "that the old man in front of that house is really 100 years old?" "One hundred and four," corrected the native. "No wonder you're proud of him!" congratulated the tourist. "I don't know about bein' proud o' him," replied the villager, calmly. "Far's I know, he ain't done anything in this place except grow old, an' it took him a sight o' time to do that."

THE DOOMED BROTHERS

OR,

A SON'S REVENGE

BY KIT CLYDE.

It is more than thirty years ago since the Carson brothers, James and Peter, opened a blacksmith shop on the German-town road, on the outskirts of Philadelphia.

One winter's evening an aged traveler, mounted on a fine horse, stopped at the Bull's Head Tavern near the blacksmith shop.

"Have you a good horseshoer around here? My horse has cast two shoes."

"Two of the best in the country not a square down the road," replied the landlord. "Will I send my man down with your horse while you take a rest, sir?"

"No, thank you, landlord," said the old stranger. "I must hurry on, and I want to give the blacksmith instructions myself. Please show me the place. What did you say the name was, friend?"

"You can't miss the shop, sir. You can see the light from here. You'll see the name on the sign—'Carson Brothers, General Blacksmiths.'"

The two brothers were working away with three assistants when the old stranger led his horse to the door, shouting, in a husky voice:

"Halloo, blacksmith, I want you to put two shoes on my horse right off."

"Tell him we've got all the work we can do to-night," said Pete Carson to his assistant, without raising his head from the anvil, while the brother kept on at his work, without appearing to notice the old stranger's voice.

"I say you must shoe my horse to-night, for I've got a long journey before me. Who's boss here?"

"Shut that door and let him go elsewhere," growled Pete Carson, above the roar of the furnaces and the rattling on the anvils.

A grim smile passed over the old stranger's face as he heard that growling voice above the din inside; and drawing a card and a pencil from his pocket, he scratched some words as he stood in the doorway, and then turned from the place, saying to the helper:

"Hand that card to either of your bosses, and if they want to shoe my horse then, they'll find me up at the tavern."

"A card for me," grunted Pete Carson, as the assistant reached the anvil. "Pitch it into the fire there, and be blamed to him. Hold on a moment, and let me see it. Great God, Jim!"

"What's the matter, Pete?" inquired his brother, as he drew near the terrified man.

"He is after us again!" gasped Pete. "We are doomed—doomed!"

"Where is he?" demanded Jim, in stern tones, as he drew a pistol and turned to the door.

"For God's sake, Jim, don't go out there!" cried Pete. "He's laying for us outside. Let's get into the house and lock up. We won't do any more work this evening, men."

"Nonsense!" cried the plucky brother. "We ain't going to let one man scare us any longer, Pete. Let's go and face him."

"Let me go first, then!" cried Pete, as he pushed his brother back from the door and drew his own weapon. "'Twas I brought his vengeance on us, and I'll—"

"Die like a skunk!" cried a fierce voice outside, as Pete opened the door.

At the same moment the report of a pistol rang out, and then the foremost brother fell back in his kinsman's arms, crying:

"He's killed me, Jim. I'm a dead man. Get in, or he'll fix you!"

"One at a time!" sang out a fierce voice, as the old rider dashed up the road on his horse. "You're turn next, Jim. You can't escape me, if you hide in a wilderness. You are all doomed—doomed to death!"

"Poor Pete!" muttered the grief-stricken man, as he stared at the corpse. "What will his wife say to this? What will become of the women and children, if the revengeful hound kills me?"

Pete Carson was buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery, and in less than a month after, the brother sold out the blacksmith shop, and moved away, bearing the two families with him.

Four days after the murder of his brother, Jim Carson received a letter through the postoffice from his enemy, and its contents were brief, threatening and unrelenting.

On reading this letter, the threatened man beckoned his wife into another room, leaving the sorrowing widow and the children together.

"Maggie," he said, "I can't stand this any longer. I'm going to set out to fight that devil—to kill him or be killed. Read what he has the cheek to write to me."

The wife took the letter, and read aloud, as follows:

"BALTIMORE, December, 184—.

"JAMES JACKSON: Had I not more charity than you, you would be dead ere this; but don't think I will let up on you forever, for I have sworn that you'll all die by my hand, and I'll keep my oath. For the sake of your wife, and for the sake of the widow and orphans, I will not molest you until the young ones are able to take care of themselves. If you should live for ten years more, you will not hear from me during that time. After that, no matter where you are, you will hear my vengeful cry and feel my knife or lead in your treacherous heart.

"If you care to seek me at once, you know where to find me.

"Your foe till death,

"JAMES HOWELL."

When the woman finished the letter she turned her tearful eyes to the blacksmith, saying:

"You wouldn't think of chasing him up, Jim?"

"I think I ought to, Maggie. He's had two lives for one already; and he'll be sure to kill me some day, if I don't kill him first."

"If you follow him down there now, Jim," said the tearful woman, "you will be killed, even though you kill him; and then what will become of us all? Let us get away to some far-away place where he'll never find us. You have two families to care for now, you know, and—"

"We'll clear out, Maggie," said the husband, as he thought of the helpless children. "I wouldn't get a show down in the old place if I laid him out, as you say. We'll go out West."

And James Jackson, changing his name once more, started for the West with those who were dependent on him.

The hunted man purchased some government land in northern Minnesota, and settled thereon with his double charge.

The spot selected was a secluded region, more than twenty-five miles from a settlement; and there the blacksmith hoped to end his life in peace, without ever hearing from his vengeful enemy.

Five years after settling in Minnesota, the widow and children of the murdered Peter died by typhoid fever; and then James had only his own wife and his two promising children to care for in the world.

When the blacksmith settled in his Western home he assumed the name of Porter; and few and far between were the visits he paid to the nearest town for supplies; and when his son grew in years, the father never left the neighborhood of the farm at all, trusting the brave young fellow with all the business in town.

And the children never, up to this time, learned the secret of the deadly enmity existing between their father and the man signing himself James Howell, as the subject was never spoken of in their presence.

Young Frank Porter had heard that his Uncle Peter was killed in a fight in Philadelphia; that they hailed from the South originally; and he knew that his father never cared to speak of his former life.

One bright summer evening, as Frank was returning from the town with the team, after disposing of a load of wheat, an old man rode past him on the prairie, and the young fellow noticed that the stranger eyed him carefully in passing.

The stranger rode on ahead for over a mile, and Frank urged on his own mettlesome animals, so as to keep him in view as long as possible, as he felt some curiosity to know where he was going.

Frank was within three miles of his own home, when he saw that the old stranger wheeled his steed right about, as if to wait for his coming.

"Live about here, young fellow?" inquired the stranger as he rode on by the wagon.

"Just a stretch around that rocky pass," replied Frank as he pointed towards a belt of rocky hills on his right. "Are you going to the mission, sir?"

"I'm looking for a settler who lives out here somewhere, young man," said the stranger. "Do you know a man named Carson in this settlement?"

"Carson—Carson," muttered Frank. "Don't know any settler of that name out here; but it strikes me I've heard the name before. What do you want with him, stranger?"

The boy remembered at once that he had borne that name in Philadelphia, though he had never asked his father about the change.

"Carson is an old friend of mine," replied the old stranger, with a smile. "I knew him when I was a boy like you, and it strikes me you resemble him very much."

"My father's name is Porter, sir," said Frank; "and if you want to see him, I'll soon— There he is, now, going the short cut through the pass."

Without uttering another word, the stranger urged on his horse, and dashed off across the prairie after the receding figure.

Frank could not drive the team after the old stranger, as the approach to the rocky pass was broken with ruts and rocks; but he did spring from the wagon and bounded after him at a headlong pace, as something whispered to him that his father was in danger.

On dashed the horseman, and Frank could see him draw his revolver as he reached the uneven ground, where his fiery horse stumbled over the rocks and juts.

Frank saw the impatient old fellow dismount hurriedly when he was within two hundred yards of his father, who was still unconscious, apparently, of his danger; and then the pursuer rushed on his enemy, leaving his horse to ramble among the rocks.

At that moment Frank yelled out with all his breath, and his father turned on the instant to perceive the old fellow dashing into the pass after him.

One fierce, vengeful cry burst from the old stranger as he recognized his enemy; and then Frank heard the quick reports of the revolvers as the foes closed and fired.

And then a cry of pain burst from the blacksmith, as he

pressed his hand to his breast, and fell on his face, still clasp- ing the weapon in his hand.

The old stranger sprang on his fallen foe, and gazed on him a moment, ere he cried:

"Father, you are avenged! Jim Jackson, you are the last of the three; living or dead, you know you deserve your punishment."

With a yell of rage, Frank rushed into the pass, holding the hunting-knife in his hand.

And before Frank could reach his father's side, the active stranger sprang over a rocky mound near by, and disappeared.

"Come out here, your murdering old hound!" cried Frank, as he stood up and waved the hunting-knife. "Come out here, till I cut your heart out for killing my father!"

Ere the vengeful cry was completed, a figure appeared above the huge rock, and Frank, excited and maddened as he was, started back in astonishment on beholding a man in the prime of life.

"Hear me one moment, young man," cried the changed stranger, as he advanced on Frank, still holding a revolver in his hand. "Hear me for a moment, and then you can kill me if you like."

"Sixteen years ago," said the stranger, "when I was a boy of fifteen, I saw three big men attack my father in a bar-room in Tennessee, and they murdered him before my eyes, because he differed with them in politics. One of them—your father there—held me against the counter while his brothers beat my kind father to death. I swore next day that I would kill them all with my own hand. One of them I shot two years after in New Orleans. I killed your Uncle Peter in Philadelphia. I would have shot your father on that same night, were it not that I had pity on you and your sister, and your cousins. My mother died of a broken heart, and I have been a wanderer over the world for years. Plunge that knife into my heart now, if you want to."

"Don't you do it, Frank," cried the dying man. "James Howel, you served us all right. 'Twas a cowardly, low, mean trick we served your father, and we deserved death for it. 'Twas rum that did it, and I ain't touched a drop since. Good God, but I've suffered agonies for that crime, though you know I never put a hand in the fight, only to hold you while they licked him. They didn't mean to kill him, Jim. Forgive them—forgive me! Don't you touch him, Frank. He fought me fair, anyhow."

"And you've given me a wound I won't recover from in a hurry," said the stranger, as he staggered and fell on the ground. "Young fellow, can you forgive me as I forgive your father? God knows I hated to—to—"

The young stranger's head sank on the ground ere he could finish the sentence, and his eyes were closed, as if in death.

And maybe Frank didn't spend busy hours that evening as he assisted his weeping mother and sister in bearing the wounded men to the farmhouse in the wagon, and then to ride off for the nearest doctor.

Three months after, the stranger from Tennessee and James Jackson were seated in front of the farmhouse conversing in friendly tones, and without once alluding to the old, deadly feud.

Both men had recovered from their wounds, but James Howell still lingered in his enemy's house.

Two years passed away, and the stranger lingered there still, growing more and more attached to his old enemy each day, while Frank and his mother looked on James Howell as an old, dear friend.

Frank's sister never learned the secret of her father's early crime; and when she accepted James Howell as her husband, the loving girl little dreamed that she wedded the man who had avenged his father by killing her uncles.

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